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The People's Press.

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The People's Press.

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AN OLD UMBRELLA.

An old umbrella in the hall,
Battered and baggy, quaint and queer—
By all the rains of many a year
Bent, stained, and faded—that is all.

Warped, broken, twisted by the blast
Of twenty winters, till at last,
Like some poor close-reefed schooner cast,
All water-logged, with half a mast,
Upon the rocks, it finds a nook
Of shelter on an entry hook;
Old battered craft, how came you here?

Ah, could it speak, 'twould tell of one—
Old Simon Dowles, who now is gone—
Gone where the weary are at rest—
Of one who locked within his breast
His private sorrows o'er his lot,
And in his humble work forgot
That he was but a toiling bark
Upon the billows in the dark,
While the brave newer ships swept by,
Sailing beneath a prosperous sky,
And winged with opportunities
Fate had denied to hands like his.

A plain old-fashioned wight was he
As these sport-loving days could see.
He in his youth had loved and lost
His loyal true-love. Ever since
His lonely life was flecked and crossed
By sorrow's nameless shadow-tints;
Yet never murmur from his lips
Told of his darkened soul's eclipse.
I often think I still can hear
His voice so blithe, his tones of cheer,
As, dropping in to say "good-day,"
He gossiped in his old man's way.
And yet we laughed when he had gone.
We youngsters couldn't understand—
No matter if it rained or shone,
He held the umbrella in his hand.
Or if he set it in the hall,
Where other shedders of the rain
Stood dripping up against the wall,
His was too shabby and too plain
To tempt exchange: all passed it by,
Though showers of rain were pouring down,
And all the gutters of the town
Were torrents in the darkening sky.
He never left it once behind,
Save the last time he crossed our door.
Oblivious shadows o'er his mind
Presaged his failing strength. Before
The morning he had passed away
In peaceful sleep from night to day.
And here the old brown umbrella still
In its old corner stays to fill
The place, as best it may, of him
Who, on this wild and wintry night,
Is surely with the saints of light;
For whom my eyes grow moist and dim
While I this simple rhyme indite.

A TWELFTH NIGHT PARTY.

The gates were struck wide open and lights gleamed in the windows; in the hall there was an occasional scraping of fiddles, with every now and then a twang of the harp, and an octave blurted out from the coronet—the musicians were getting their instruments in tune.

The supper had been laid out hours ago; mistress and servants had taken their final survey, some heads on one side and some on the other; some retiring to see how it looked in a perspective point of view; some advancing to alter a spray here, or a mince-pie there, while a bevy of small faces peered in to get a sight of the big twelfth-cake which formed, as it deserved to do the great centre of attraction. This last revisal being satisfactorily accomplished, and the door locked for fear of accident, there was a clattering of littl feet in another room hung with festive wreaths, and other symbols of rejoicing—a clattering of feet and a murmur of small voices—an air of joyous expectation.

"What a funny night!—what a jolly night! Why won't the people begin to come?"

And then they dance up to the window and back again, and cluster around one who is not a child exactly, but who is fair, nevertheless, and very gentle. Her dress is not to be called a holiday garment, for it is but sober silk, and in her hair there is only a natural Christmas rose, a wee bit faded, but the children seem to like her nevertheless.

"How funny for you never to have been here before, and you our cousin?"

"How funny to think it is all strange to you! Why, you don't even know about the long, dark passage that used to have all sorts of wild bears and lions to frighten us at night."

"And the long avenues and the firs—oh, she knows nothing. Why didn't you ever come before, Milly?"

"Because I couldn't afford it, little one."

"And now I suppose your papa gave you money because you have been ill. And you have never seen George, our George—only think! But he lives in London too—perhaps you have seen him."

"London is a wide place," said Milly, with a smile.

"You will see him to night—he is coming to-night."

Then there was a sound of wheels on the gravel and a slight skirmish for possession of the key-hole to spy out the new arrivals.

"Somebody, but not George. I hear them shaking coats and hanging them up. Now they are going up stairs to dress—oh, there will be lots of people! I wish I was George."

"Does he come," asks the cousin, bending her eyes upon the fire, "all the way from London for this one night?"

"Yes, yes, we made him promise. He has not been here for long enough, but he will come to-night. More people—lots here they come!"

More footsteps on the bright floor, more rustling of dresses, more buzz of talking—the room filled. But George was come at last and there was a rush of little ones to meet him. No peeping through keyholes now, but a downright hurrying into the hall, a clinging around the tall brother's neck, a kissing and hugging, while the musicians looked on with a smile of indulgenee, tuning their instruments.

"Come to Milly, cousin Milly," rang out the eager voices; but George drew back, and suddenly the fiddles were tucked under their respective chins, and broke forth into tortuous melody; the harp twanged and vibrated manfully, the cornet player swelled out his cheeks to the required proportions, and a burst of merry music filled the hall and the dancing room.

But Milly sat alone among the strangers, and as she watched the dancers and listened to the music, a little shade of sadness stole over the face which had been so full of quiet pleasure. The dancers faded and became as motes in the sun before her; and out of the music seemed to echo in strange discord the cries which were wont to greet her ear in the dingy suburb where she dwelt. Mingling with these there came by-and-by a voice which she knew, which fell very pleasantly on her ear, which drowned the noisy cries, and changed that small room in that dingy suburb into a palace of beauty and happiness; and as she heard it she clasped her hands, and her face brightened. She never knew before how beautiful a human voice could be, she never knew how there were tones in it to touch the pulses of her life, and make them beat with such a new sensation.

But the harp twangs on fiercely as though it were getting desperate, and the cornet-player's face is inflated and very red. The voice is gone—it has passed away suddenly. She listens for it—she tries to call back its echo, but it never comes again. Milly has been dreaming; but as the dance finishes, and the last long-drawn cord ceases to vibrate she starts, and bends her head hastily, for there is wet on her cheek.

"Milly, cousin Milly, won't you dance? Dance with me."

"No—me—me," cried another. "I asked first—dance with me."

Placid again, and gentle, she pleads laughingly not to be torn in two; plunges into the mysteries of the quadrille with the chattering little rebel, who pulls her her along, and corrects her blunders, laughing and scolding. Such fun it is—such a jolly night! None of those stiff gentlemen can be enjoying it half so much; they may lead their partners through the figures languidly, as though it were a solemn duty to be performed. And then to see them bow in the proper places with such melancholy gravity, as though life and death were in it. And the ladies walk instead of dancing, too—perhaps they are getting tired.

"Now me—it's my turn. Dance with me, Milly."

"Be quiet, sir! She'd like a grown up partner—all girls do. There is one with big red whiskers. Shall I go and fetch him—eh? Let me."

"Hush!—no," said Milly.

"He can dance like anything, I know—spin around like my peg-top—shall I?"

"No, no?"

Milly would dance with the children; she didn't like grown-up partners; and red whiskers were ugly. But her juvenile patron remembered simething suddenly which troubled him—"something he heard among the guests, bad about Milly."

"How could that be? Who was there that could know her?"

"Something—about being a governess. Was it true?"

It was true. Milly's father being poor, and there being other children, she must go out into the world and work for herself.

Then they came round her again like bees, and said she should not go—it was all rubbish. She should live with them always—why not? And she musn't say another word about such horrid things to-night. There was the supper—such a jolly supper—would she like a private view?—only it was locked up. There was the big cake, and there was the characters in two bowls—one for the ladies and two for the gentlemen. There too, was a trifle with something mysterious about it; they wouldn't say what—she should see for herself.

Then there was a lull in the music. The servants' heads disappeared from the doorway, where they had been covertly watching, and an air of general expectation heralded the announcement of supper.

The cousin's eyes wandered round the room with a quick, unquiet glance. Perhaps she was thinking how familiar it was for a strange place; how well she knew the high, old-fashioned and the bright oak paneling clothed now in an unwonted garment of verdure; if so, she must have seen it in dreams, since she had never been in it before. Perhaps she was wondering a little what had become of the tall brother, whose arrival had caused so much commotion. Perhaps the name nearest her lips at that moment was "George;" but if so, it would not leave them.

As for the children, in their happiness they had forgotten all about him for the present—forgotten his cold cheeks as they hugged him; forgotten how, when they would have laid violent hands upon him to drag him off to "Cousin Milly," he broke from them hurriedly and walked away, bidding them go back and enjoy themselves; forgotten how they saw him break off from his mother's grasp—more gently though—and hurry off to his own room; forgotten all about the jolly night, the dancing and the fun, as it was best they should.

But he sat in his room alone, while the fire twinkled at him, and threw great shadows of his head on the wall behind in all sorts of fantastic shapes and sizes! and a jet of gas spouted up and laughed at them.

"Here again," muttered the figure by the fire—"here again!"

And the bright carpet, the queer old mirror with its brass hands stretched out imploringly on either side to ask for candles in them; the stiff-backed chairs with their claws in a state of perpetual preparation to scratch along the carpet and attack him; the wardrobe with a crack in its old sides, through which the spiders played in and out according to the grim ideas of conviviality; the bed with its moreen curtains and black fringe, like the trappings of a hearse—all these things looking back at him passively responded:

"Here again!"

"And *she* is here!" And the music from below, the far off sounds of life and enjoyment, answered, "She is here!"

"As poor as ever!" He sunk his head between his hands at this mutter, and the fire stuck them up like horns upon the wall behind him. "Oh, shame upon me! shame upon me!"

If the shadows could have spoken they would have echoed this too; they would have rung out "craven" in his ears and scourged him. Perhaps he too heard a voice he knew in the merry music which went on with such good will down stairs; perhaps he saw a dingy suburb with a presence in which it took away its dinginess; but if so, even while he lingered in that gentle presence, he looked round the walls and muttered "Poor!"

How long it was since he had heard the voice itself! how the memory came upon him! how his hand unclasped to grasp the little fingers whose lightest touch was wont to give him such happiness!

Ah! he may well cover his cheeks to crush out the burning red that has come into them!

He rose from his seat and the shadows flickered on the ceiling; he opened the door and listened. No music—at least no harp, nor fiddle, nor cornet; but the music of a laugh now and then, heard faintly, the rattling of plates, and occasionally at the opening of a door, the sound of talking and merriment, the bustling of busy servants, as the dark figure stood there, listening grimly.

Such a merry supper—such joyous laughs at very small pieces of wit, such innocent match-making among the few elders, such wine-taking and politeness and speechifying, such blundering mistakes among the waiters, and, above all, such fun among the little ones!

And Milly sat among them. Up in a quiet corner they had her all to themselves, helpless and resigned; they plied her with chicken, with good things and sweet things, till she begged for mercy; they made her take wine with them, and there were so many bows to get over, and compliments to pass, that eating and drinking became quite secondary considerations, until suddenly a fell hand uplifted near them bore down with its gleaming spoon upon that mysterious trifle. Then there was fresh glee. Milly must have some—nothing could save her; and they watched each spoonful she took under this compulsion, dancing up and down, and chuckling with gleeful anticipation and hope.

"There it is! hurrah! The ring—the ring! Milly has got the ring!"

"Mamma, mamma, Milly has got it; Milly is going to be married. What fun"

"My ring, if you please, young people," cries out mamma, for she has been in a state of uneasiness ever since the borrowed article was deposited in its hiding place harrassed by a distressing presentiment that some one would surely swallow it. "My ring, if you please."

And now it is over; they pair off again into the dancing-room more than ever disposed to be merry. And while the musicians revive exhausted nature, and their seats are occupied only by the instruments looking forlornly helpless, there is a diversion in the back parlor provided, in order that no part of the evening may be dull.

"Snapdragon!" whispers Milly's patron. "Such jolly fun—all in the dark, but for the blue flame. Come!"

But over Milly's face there has crept a look of languor and weariness, and she thinks rest would be even better than snapdragon. So the boy placed her in a yawning old chair by the fire, and they left her alone in the deserted room.

Dreaming and resting by the fire, while the wind rattled down the wide old chimney and died away in a shriek above—dreaming there, quiet and alone, how was it that the voice which had come back so lately in the music, should be falling again on her ear—not out of the past in a dingy suburb, not out of the strange sounds and clanging chords, but in the might and melody of its own reality? How was it that she started up from that rest she coveted, and stood with a hand grasping at the wall, and a bent head—silent—so silent that the quick beating of her heart might almost have been heard by that other one standing there?

And over them both the shadows fell thick and wavering; shadows past and present—perhaps future; for they knew not what the dread that hung over them might bring forth And the tall brother spoke.

Almost his words had been "As poor as ever!" so full was his heart of the thought that had darkened in those days long ago.

"There was a time," he said mournfully, not looking up, "when a hand of welcome would have been stretched out to meet mine, and a kindly word would have been given me."

Darker the shadows fell over the oak panels, darker over the figures of the listener at the fireside.

"Now I cannot ask it. The time is gone. Listen."

"There was a man, a plodding, earnest, busy man, always planning and working by day; a schemer, an ambitious, worldly man, wrapped in his business from morning till night. A hard life was his, a restless, wearing life; have some pity for him. He found a place where welcome and rest were given him when the day was over; he found an atmosphere of genial happiness, of kindness for him, the weary man of schemes and ledgers. Young in years but old in ambition, he yet sought this place; he found pleasure in it—he unbent from his adding and calculating. Soon there was a brightness about it which distracted his thoughts even in the hour of business; there was one whose welcome grew very dear to him, whose face came before the pages as he read, and troubled him, even while he dwelt on its memory and tried to recall it. He was never happy away from it—he loved it. Is there no word for him?" None.

"He sought this gentle one more and more; he forgot his dreams of city greatness and told her of the country home which would be his one day—a wide, scrambling old place, queer and ungainly. He described it to her and she questioned him; he made her see each antique room, each rambling gallery, each ghost haunted passage, and she seemed to like it. But when one night the thought came upon him that this dear one might perhaps care for him, might be won to be his companion, to be ever with him, what new happiness filled his heart! What strange dreams were his, what strange hope! Is there no hope for him?" None.

"In the morning before his desk, great speculations lying under his eyes, he woke up from these dreams and called them madness. He said to himself, 'I am not rich, I cannot marry poverty; he repents now; he repents with very bitter yearning, and confessing his miserable and mistaken selfishness. Let there be some word of pity for him," Nothing but a faint gesture of the head that bends still lower in the shadow.

"If he could buy back those two years with all the wealth he has, they would be cheaply purchased. If he could stand here without the tainting breath upon his faith and honor. He loathes his money and himself. Oh, Milly, Milly, give him anger, make him suffer reproach and bitter words—only forgive." But Milly had no anger for him,

In the shadow where she stood, silent still, her hand unclasped the thin silken cord which hung about her neck, and held it out. No precious metal glistened pendant from it; a simple thing and poor to wear around one's neck—a little ring of wood, rough and uneven, which his own restless fingers had fashioned by the fire side on that night he had spoken of. And he remembered how in his dawning happiness he had given it to her, bidding her half jestingly to keep it till he saw her again.

He took it now from her hand, but he took the hand too; he took hope with it; he raised his head to look into her face, for as yet he had not dared. Its sadness was gone, and a flickering glimmer from the fire fell across it.

Many voices are heard, many steps along the hall; the children rush in, and stand and wonder, silent, looking at the two figures on the hearth. Curiously they glance from one to the other, from Milly to this tall brother—our George—whom she was to have seen for the first time to-night; questions were coming to their lips, but he silences them gently, for the room is filling again. "Not now, not now, another time."

And the fiddle scrapes, the harp twangs, the cornet blusters, fun, more fun, what a jolly night!

But Milly and George have disappeared from the dancers. Perhaps they have other things to talk about.

THE TWIN BRACELETS.

"I will not threaten you, Hilton! Years ago I made my will, and you will be my heir. I will not alter one line of that document, because I will not bribe you to do my will, or even to be an honorable man. You may marry whom you will, may defy my wishes in every way, and lose my love and respect, but the money will still be yours."

The quick, indignant flush on Hilton Graeme's face, the sudden erectness of his figure, told that his uncle had well calculated the effect of his words.

Truly, with his frank, brown eyes, his sensitive mouth, his broad white brow, he looked little like a man to be bribed, but it was as easy to read that he could be ruled by his affections.

When he spoke his voice was low and his tone pleading.

"Do you mean, Uncle George, that I shall lose your love and respect if I marry Ada Willet?"

"Or any other woman that is absolutely nobody. What do you know of her?"

"Only that she is the loveliest, noblest woman I ever saw. If you knew her you would love her."

"Yes—yes; but I mean, what do you know of her family?"

"Only what she told me herself, that her mother died of poverty, after struggling to support herself by her needle. They were miserably poor for a long time, and then Mrs. Willet began to give work to Ada's mother. When she died Mrs Willet took Ada to her own home, and after giving her every advantage her own child could have enjoyed, adopted her."

"What was her own name?"

"Smith."

"Bah!" said Mr. Hilton, with every expression of deep disgust. "Well, marry her if you will. Your present allowance shall be doubled, but you need not bring her here;" and with a sudden fierceness he added, "I want no woman here, to remind of a past I hoped I had forgotten."

Never, in all his recollection of his grave quite uncle had Hilton seen him so moved. His voice was sharp with the pang of some sudden memory, his eyes flashed, and his whole frame trembled with emotion.

"You are a man now," he said, with one of those strange impulses to confidence that often seize the most reserved men, "a man seeking a wife. I will tell you what has never before passed my lips to any living being. I have a wife somewhere, and a child, it may be."

Utter astonishment kept Hilton silent.

"It is all my own fault," Mr. Hilton continued, "that I am a lonely, miserable man, instead of a happy husband and father. Twenty years ago, when I was past forty years old, I fell in love.

"Fell in love, for I was fairly insane over Myra Delano when I had seen her three times. I courted her with eager attention, rich presents, flattery, every fascination I could command. I was not an unattractive man at forty. I had traveled extensively, had been a close student, was emphatically a society man, a successful lawyer, and commanding large wealth. Myra was twenty-five, superbly handsome accomplished and graceful.

"I thought she loved me. I thought there was only trust and devotion in the love-light of her large blue eyes, the varying color upon her cheek. We were married, traveled two years on the Continent, and then returned here to this house, and opened its doors to society. Our child was nearly a year old when we came home, and whot love I could spare from Myra I gave to baby Anna.

"We were very popular, being hospitable and generous, gathering around us refined people, and both exerting ourselves to the utmost for the pleasure of our guests. But while we were traveling all in all to each other, there was sleeping in my heart a demon who stirred to life when we returned.

"Strong as my love I found my jealousy. I was an idiot—a mad, jealous idiot—for I stung a proud, sensitive woman to contempt of my opinion, defiance of my unworthy suspicious. Now I can see that Myra was but filling her proper place in 'society as hostess or guest; but then, blinded by my jealousy, I grudged any other man a pleasant look or a cheery word. I cannot tell you now of every scene that turned her love for me to fear and dislike. She became pale and miserable, often sullen and defiant. Finally she left me!"

"Left you?"

"I came home one afternoon, after conducting an intricate criminal case, and found a note on my table, telling me Myra could no longer endure the life of constant quarreling and reproach. She had taken her child, and would never return to me."

"Did she not go to relatives?"

"She had but few. Her father died while we were abroad, and having been considered a rich man, was found to have left less than his funeral expenses. She had an aunt and some cousins, to all of whom I went, but who denied all knowledge of her. After searching with the eagerness of penitence deep and sincere, and love most profound, I finally advertised, and even employed private police investigation. It was all in vain. I never found wife and child."

"Yet you think they live?"

"I cannot tell. I remained here for five years, and then, as you know, went to see my only sister, dying in consumption."

"And to become my second father."

"Yes, my boy. I found you, my little namesake, a sobbing boy of twelve, heart-broken over your mother's illness and death. You know the rest of my life history. I retired from the pursuit of my profession, traveled with you, made you my one interest in life! You filled my empty house and heart, for I loved you, Hilton, as dearly as I loved my baby daughter whose childhood is a closed, sealed book to me."

"But now, uncle George, can nothing be done now?"

"We have both been in London three years, and every month there has been an advertisement only Myra would understand in the leading papers. I have never had one line of answer. No, my boy, it is hopeless now! If in the future you ever know of my wife or child, I trust them to your care and generosity."

It seemed as if, in the excitement of his recital, Mr. Hilton had forgotten the conversation, that had immediately suggested it.

He rose from his seat, and opening a cabinet in the room, brought back a small box. It contained a bracelet of hair with an inexpensive clasp and a locket.

"When we were in Paris," he said, "I had this bracelet made of Myra's hair and mine woven together; she has the companion one. This tiny coil of gold in the clasp was cut from the baby's head, our little darling, then but three month's old. It must have been some lingering love that made Myra still keep the bracelet like this which she wore constantly. What is the matter, Hilton? You are as white as death."

"Nothing."

"Is your wife's picture in the locket?"

"Yes. You see how beautiful she was."

"I see more than that," said Hilton; "and yet I dare not tell you what I hope. Will you give me one little hour, to see if"—

"If what?"

"Only one hour—I will be back then!"

"Stop!" Mr. Hilton cried, shaking with excitement.

But his nephew was gone. Hoping, fearing, not knowing, what to hope or fear, Mr. Hilton watched the clock, till the hour should be over.

He walked up and down, he tried to read, he lived over again that past, whose remorseful memories had been so vividly recalled.

With Myra's picture before him, he thought again of that wild, fierce love that had been his happiness and his blight.

"Why was I not calm, reasonable as became my years and position?" he asked himself, bitterly; "why did I give a boy's love to a woman who had lived in society and respected all its requirements? I lived an ideal life—Myra the actual one around us. Where is Hilton? What can he know? What has he discovered? Only three minutes gone, and it seems a day since he was here."

But even before the hour was over Hilton returned.

In his eagerness to question him, Mr. Hilton did not notice that he came through the drawing-room to the library where he waited, leaving the door a little open.

"Where have you been?" Mr. Hilton asked.

"To procure this!" Hilton answered, gravely, placing in his uncle's hand the duplicate of the bracelets upon the table.

The same brand of sunny brown hair, with here and there some of raven black streaked with gray; the same small clasp with a wee coil of baby curl under the glass; the same lettering, too—Myra and George twined together with fantastic scrolls and twists. For several moments there was deep silence. The old man could not speak, and the young man could not break in upon what he felt to be a sacred emotion. At last, lifting his head, George Hilton asked:

"Does Myra live? Can she forgive me?"

"It is years since she died," Hilton answered, "but, surely, in heaven she has forgiven you. She never spoke of you to your child but in words of respect and affection, though she always spoke of you as dead."

"My child! You know my child?"

"I know and love her. Do you not guess, Uncle George, where I saw that bracelet whose duplicate I recognized at once, whose face is a living copy of the one in your locket? Must I tell you that the child Mrs. Willett rescued from poverty, and adopted for her own, is my cousin, and your daughter?"

"Ada Smith?"

"Smith was the name her mother thought most probably would best conceal her identity, and Ada was the name of Mrs. Willett's only child, who died in infancy."

"But have you not brought her to me?" asked Mr. Hilton, with almost a sob in his voice. And as he spoke, the door Hilton had left ajar opened, and across the threshold stepped a tall, beautiful girl, with sunny brown hair, and large blue eyes, who waited timidly until her father came quickly to meet her.

"Anna!" he said, softly. "Can this be my baby—my wee daughter! It must be, for it is my Myra, who has not grown old and gray, as I have, but lives in perpetual youth. My child, I once wronged your mother, but have sorrowed and repented for that wrong. Can you forgive me!"

The tears were falling fast from Anna Hilton's eyes, and her voice was trembling with sobs as she said:

"My dear father!"

That was all; as George Hilton folded his child in his arms, he knew that he was forgiven, and for him at last there might be happiness in making others happy.

Good Mrs. Willet mourned and rejoiced at once over her loss and her adopted daughter's good fortune, but consoled herself with the thought that Ada must have left her to be Hilton's wife, and after all, they would still be neighbors.

But she would not give her up until after a most brilliant wedding, and George Hilton only welcomed his daughter to her home when he also gave tender greeting to Hilton's wife.

SENSATIONS IN HANGING.

Roger S. Tracy, M. D., in an article in the *Popular Science Monthly*, in referenee to the sensations experienced by a person in the act of hanging, from which the following is condensed, says that in executions it is the custom to drop the condemned man from a height, or to jerk him up from the ground by the fall of a heavy weight, so that there is a powerful concussion of the brain to start with. It used to be a common belief that the necks of criminals were broken by this means, and that the pressure of the fractured vertebræ on the spinal cord shortened the period of suffering. It is now known, however, that this rarely occurs, and the criminal dies of asphyxia or apoplexy, usually the former. Some men, however, do not become unconscious from the shock of the fall, and suicides generally have no fall; so that, in such cases, death supervenes by asphyxia. But even here the process is complicated by a congestive apoplexy, and in these cases, too, insensibility comes on so rapidly that death is really painless.

I once witnessed an execution at the Tombs, and observed the victim carefully, watch in hand. After the body fell to the length of the rope, it remained perfectly motionless, so far as I could see, and I was not more than twenty-five feet away. It swayed a little in the currents of air, and at the end of a minute and ten seconds there were three very slight drawings-up of the feet, and a peculiar quivering of the hands. Then all was still and remained so until the body was taken down. In this case the neck was not broken, and death took place from asphyxia.

Chancellor Bacon has reported the case of a gentleman who put a cord around his neck and hung himself, stepping off from a small bench on which he had been standing, and expecting to be able to mount it again when he wished. This was impossible on account of the loss of consciousness, which supervened immediately, and the experiment would have had a tragic ending if a friend had not by chance entered and released him.

Remarkable examples are on record of persons who allowed themselves to be hung for the entertainment of an audience. An account of one of them is given in the *Lancet* of April 17, 1874. The man's real name was John Harnshaw. He was an athlete, and among other feats it was customary with him to exhibit the process of hanging. In this performance he relied for security on the strength of the muscles of the neck and throat. He had a rope with a fixed knot which could not slip, and passed both ends of the loop up behind one ear. The whole act was so adroitly managed that he prevented any pressure of the rope on the windpipe or the jugular veins, and could even sustain a weight of one hundred and fifty pounds in addition to that of his own body.

On three separate occasions Harnshaw mismanaged the rope, and became unconscious, being luckily rescued each time. Now, this man stated, not with particular reference to either accident, but as common to all, that "he could hardly recollect anything that happened to him in the rope;" that "he lost his senses all at once; the instant the rope got in the wrong place he felt as if he could not get his breath—as if some great weight were at his feet; could not move only to draw himself up; felt as if he wanted to loosen himself, but never thought of his hands." And he added: "You cannot move your arms or legs to save yourself; you cannot raise your arms; you cannot think." He did not see sparks of light, but had in his ears a rattling sound.

In the second instance, which has been fully recorded, the showman was not so fortunate. He was known as Scott, the American diver, and he, like Harnshaw, had many times hung himself before an audience with safety. The last time, however, the rope slipped in such a way as to compress the throat and bring on asphyxia. He hung thirteen minutes, the spectators thinking that he was prolonging the experiment for their gratification. When he was taken down he was dead. It is just to those who were looking on to state that they thought he was safe, because he was still, and did not raise his feet and stand upon the scaffold, which his legs actually touched. This case shows with peculiar force the insidious manner in which death comes on in asphyxia.

Fleischmann says: "If a person puts a cord around his neck, between the hyoid bone and the chin, he can draw it tight at the back or side, without the respiration being visibly interfered with, and can for a long time continue to inspire and expire naturally enough, because in this situation compression is not made on any part of the air passages. Not withstanding this the face grows red, the eyes become a little glaring, the head becomes hot, then comes on a feeling of weight, dizziness, a sort of distress, and then, all in an instant, a hissing and roaring in the ears. This last symptom should be especially noticed, for it is time then to stop the experiment."

Devergie states plainly, after considering all the facts, that hanging is a pleasant way of dying. His words are: "In suicide, at the moment of the application of the cord, or a few moments after, a feeling of pleasure manifests itself; then supervenes disordered vision; bluish flames appear before the eyes, and the loss of consciousness soon follows."

All the evidence goes to show that death by hanging is painless, and there is positively no fact or well founded opinion to the contrary. If this be the case, then, what is the explanation of it? Simply this: That in every form of strangulation the blood-vessels of the neck are compressed, as well as the air-passages. A large part of the blood is returned from the head by the external jugular veins, which are very near the surface, and in which the current can be checked by slight pressure. Most of the blood from the brain itself comes back through the internal jugulars, which lie near, but a little outside of, the carotid arteries. The walls of veins are lax and yielding, so as to be easily compressed, while those of the arteries are firm and elastic, and it requires considerable force to approximate them. Pressure, then, which is sufficient to close the jugular veins only crowds the carotids a little farther inward, and the blood is still poured through them into the brain, whence it cannot escape. When this pumping process is going on at the rate of seventy strokes a minute, it is easy to understand how the engorgement of the vessels of the brain, in a very brief time, reaches a degree which causes insensibility.

Both drowning and hanging are painless modes of dying, because the asphyxia which causes death is complicated by other circumstances which render the dying man so soon unconscious that the pangs of suffocation are unfelt. And the insensibility which results from hanging is so insidious and painless in its approach, that experiments on the subject are very dangerous for any one to make alone. It is probable that many persons, who are supposed to have committed suicide in this way, had really no intention of bringing about their own death. Some have been led to try the experiment out of curiosity. Others may have done it out of pique. It is not impossible, nor perhaps improbable, that high-spirited boys or girls, after a degrading punishment, should rush off, as we read of their doing, and hang themselves. The child puts a cord around his neck, and steps off from a chair, expecting to be followed, found choking, and released by the anxious parents. If he is not followed and his absence not noticed, nothing can be easier for him than to step up on the chair again, loosen the rope, and no one will ever know of his folly. In the first case he would obtain his childish revenge for the wrong he had received, and in the second case he would lose nothing, for he is his only accomplice. Utterly ignorant of his danger and intending only a prank of childish folly, he steps from his chair into eternity.

Varieties.

—A toadstool fifty-four inches round and weighing thirty pounds has been found at Elkhorn, Wis.

—Toy terrestrial globes are the latest devices for giving geographical information to the multitude.

—A young lady of L'Anse, Mich., had a young man arrested for criminal assault. Her evidence showed that he had—squeezed her hand.

—A female temperance lecturer from Detroit carries a miniature still with her, and in the presence of her audience distils alcohol from cider.

—Dean Stanley made a pilgrimage last week to the little knoll near Tappan, where Major André was hanged. André's remains are in the Dean's keeping, in Westminster Abbey.

—An idea of the importance of the potato crop in Maine may be obtained from the fact that the farmers in Aroostook county realize from $165,000 to $170,000 yearly from that crop.

—A London sculptor has been commissioned to execute a statue of Mr. Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday schools, which will be erected on the Thames embankment.

—Prince Henry of Holland is regarded as one of the richest princes in the world. The jewels he gave his bride at his recent marriage are valued at something over $250,000.

—Halifax owners of vessels have been hastily despatching them, loaded with full cargoes of lumber, before the law takes effect which forbids deckloads of more than three feet high.

—The fourth centenary of the birth of Giorgione, one of the founders of the Venetian school of painting, has just been celebrated at Castlefranco, Italy, and a statue of him unveiled.

—Sir Stafford Northcote, not content with the laurels of statesmanship, is about to publish a little volume of plays for children, written by him originally for the amusement of his own family.

—How transient is popularity—how fleeting public affection! The thermometer, which but a few short weeks ago was an object of universal solicitude, now hangs dust-covered, unnoticed and alone.

—This fall will be a great season for Ireland. The empress of Austria, the Prince Imperial of France, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and the Prince Louise of Prussia will all spend the hunting season within her classic borders.

—Sir T. Acland, a Scottish M. P., has had a teacher from the Edinburgh School of Cookery visit his estate and give practical instruction, with demonstration lessons, to his tenants, using the appliances in actual use in their cottages, wood fires, crocks and contracted stoves.

—An Iowa Board of Supervisors consisted of three members, one of whom brought up a measure to which his two confreres were opposed. He called one of them to the chair while he discussed it; called for a vote, which was a tie; resumed the chair, and declared that as there was a tie he would now give the casting vote; gave that casting vote for the measure and declared it carried.

—The oldest building in New England, is the "Cradoc house," situated on Ship street, Medford, Massachusetts, one mile from the town-house. It was built by Governor Cradock's mechanics—the owner never left England—in 1634, or two hundred and forty-four years ago. It is on the north bank of the Mystic, opposite the "Ten Hills farm," which is in Somerville, on the south bank.

—Prince Henry, of Holland, who has just married the daughter of Prince Frederick Charles, of Prussia, is some thirty-seven years older then his bride, who is twenty-three. The Dutch Prince is rich, unusually, rich, in mines, stocks, money, and ninety-nine good Dutch estates. Only the King can own a hundred. It is a quarter of a century since there was a wedding in the royal house of Holland, and, of course, much was made of it, the couple being honored with a triumphant entry into the Hague. The Prince's presents of jewels to his wife were worth a quarter of a million.

—If a failure like that of the City of Glasgow Bank had occurred in the United States there would have been numerous articles in the London newspapers upon the delusive nature of American credit and the doubtful character of American securities. It would have been intimated, if not asserted, that as a nation we are thoroughly dishonest, and the world would have been warned against buying of us or selling to us, against taking our promissory notes or purchasing our bonds. No bankruptcy, however, of a single financial corporation has ever occurred in the United States of such gigantic and desperate proportions as those of the Glasgow stoppage. An institution with one-hundred and thirty-three branches cannot go to wreck without wide spread calamity to all who put their trust in it. All accounts concur in the statement that the Bank of the City of Glasgow was managed in a way which our foreign censors have professed to regard as peculiarly American.

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1878.

PENNSYLVANIA.—In the Pennsylvania Legislature the Radical majority has been reduced from fifty-one to twenty-seven.

HAYES, it is stated will, in his forthcoming message to Congress, make the alleged outrages and violations of law in the South during the late elections, a prominent topic of comment.

The Radical investigations into the Florida and Louisiana elections do not seem to work quite as smoothly as in the Hayes' fraud.

The *Morning Star*, Wilmington, says: "We have not seen a copy of the Salem *Press* in a fortnight."

This must have been an oversight in the mailing clerk, or a screw loose somewhere else. We regret the circumstance exceedingly, as the daily *Star* makes its ever welcome appearance on our table regularly, and it would be one of the last papers we would knowingly slight.

The relations of Mexico with the United States are regarded by the Administration as being on a better footing than they have been for years. No collision between the Governments or their forces stationed on the Rio Grande is anticipated.

NEW YORK.—Leading political papers in New York say, that the Greenback party was the cause of the defeat of the Democratic ticket in that State, at the recent election. At least 80,000 Democrats voted for Greenbackers, because they were made to believe that if the Greenback party succeeded there would be a time of plenty, and every body's pocket would be full of Greenbacks.

That delusion will be expelled by the calm, second thought of the people, and New York will be carried for the Democracy, in 1880, by at least 60,000 majority,—the Greenback fraud will have played out.

The Democrats of New York are in fine spirits and getting everything in working order, and very few knowing Republicans boast much of their recent victory.

THE HOUSE BY "SECTIONS."—The Washington *Star* divides the new House of Representatives on sectional lines as follows:

Members.	East.	West.	South.	Total.
Democratic	19	29	94	142
Republican	70	59	5	134
Greenback	4	4	4	12
Independent	2		3	5
	95	92	106	293

Sixty-nine Republicans, members of the present House of Representatives, and eighty-four Democrats have been re-elected.

MORE WAR.—England is now engaged in two wars with inferior races. One in South Africa with the Kaffirs, the other with the Afghans in Asia. In Afghan the British marched to the front, with considerable skirmishing and stubborn resistance by the Afghans, one of their forts being partially dismantled, which they abandoned in the course of the night, and the British took possession next morning.

The English army is preparing to go into winter quarters.

Call for a Month of Prayer.

BALTIMORE, November 25.—At a largely attended meeting of the clergymen of this city, held to-day, at the suggestion of D. L. Moody, the evangelist, a committee was appointed to issue "A call to the evangelical ministry and churches of the United States to unite in the month of January following upon a week of prayer in concentrated efforts for a revival of God's work throughout the whole land; and that in order to do this thing, urge upon Christian people to lay aside all conflicting engagements, social, ecclesiastical, literary or otherwise, that with united heart the Church may call upon God to revive His work and stay the tide that threatens to wipe out our institutions, political, social and religious."

The committee will issue the call immediately.

FERTILIZERS.—The following resolution was adopted by the N. C. Agricultural Society at the last annual meeting:

Resolved, That a committee of five farmers be appointed to gather information from the farmers of the State in regard to the working of the tax on Fertilizers, and that such committee be instructed to report to our Executive Committee before the first day of December next. Such report to be furnished to the press of the State for publication.

In accordance with the above resolution the President of the Society has appointed the following committee:—Messrs. J. R. Hutchins of Chapel Hill, Bryan Grimes, of Washington, Peter E. Smith, of Scotland Neck, J. A. Worth, of Fayetteville, and R. B. Caldwell, of Charlotte.

Newspaper Business.

An exchange says: "We suppose many people think that the newspaper men are persistent duns; let a farmer place himself in a similar business position and see if he would not do the same.—Suppose he raised one thousand bushels of wheat, and his neighbor should come and buy a bushel, and the price was only a small matter of two dollars or less, and the neighbor says, "I will hand you the amount in a few days." As the farmer does not want to be small about the matter, he says "all right," and the man leaves with the wheat. Another comes in the same way, until the whole one thousand bushels of wheat are trusted out to one thousand different persons, and not one of the purchasers concerns himself about it, for it is a small amount that he owes the farmer, and of course that would not help him any. He does not realize that the farmer has frittered away all his large crop of wheat, and that its value is due him in a thousand little driblets, and that he is seriously embarrassed in his business because his debtors treat it as a small matter. But if all would pay him promptly, which they could do as well as not, it would be a very large amount to the farmer, and enable him to carry on his business without difficulty. The above comparison is too true of the difficulties that the newspaper man has to contend with.

Converted Cannibals.

A very brisk bit of religious history appears in the papers, the leading characters consisting of some New Britain savages and a determined missionary. Some natives of the island named became incensed at the whites, apparently because of a fight with a crowd of sailors, so they proceeded to avenge themselves on the race by attacking a small party of missionaries and native teachers, killing and eating several of the number. According to long established precedent the remaining missionaries should have passively submitted to the same fate or any other that the savages chose to prepare for them; then some civilized nation would have conquered and annexed the island, killing off, with vices peculiar to civilization, the natives who escaped the military or naval force sent against them. But the manager of the missions took the matter into his own hands; arming his own little party and taking with him a number of friendly natives, he fell upon the cannibals, killed a large number of them and compelled the remainder to apologize.

Hard Times in 1819-'20.

People who now complain so much of hard times would do well to read the following from Benton's "Thirty Years' Recollections." He says:

"The years of 1819-'20 were a period of gloom and agony. No money, either gold or silver; no paper convertible into specie; no measure or standard of value left remaining. The local banks, all but those of New England, after a brief resumption of specie payments, again sank into a state of suspension. The Bank of the United States, created as a remedy for all these evils, now at the head of the evil, prostrate and helpless, with no power left but that of suing its debtors and selling their property, and purchasing for itself at its own nominal price. No price for property or produce, no sales but those of the Sheriff and the Marshal; no purchasers at the execution sales but the creditor or a hoarder of money; no employment for industry; no demand for labor; no sales for the product of the farm; no sound of hammer but that of the auctioneer knocking down property. Stop laws, property laws, the replevin laws, stay laws, loan office laws, the intervention of the Legislature between the creditor and the debtor—this was the business of legislation in three-fourths of the States of the Union—of all South and West of New England. No medium of exchange but depreciated paper; no change even but little bits of foul paper, marked so many cents and signed by so many tradesmen, barbers, or inn-keepers; exchanges deranged to the extent of fifty or one hundred per cent. Distress, the universal demand, thundered at the door of all Legislatures, State and Federal."
—*Charlotte Democrat.*

For the Press.

Baptist State Convention.

The Baptist State Convention of North Carolina met in Charlotte, on the 6th inst., and opened at the usual hour. Maj. W. A. Graham, of Lincolnton, was chosen President, and Wm. Biggs, of Oxford, and Prof. G. W. Green, of Moravian Falls, were chosen Secretaries. A large number of ministers and delegates were present from the different portions of the State. All the enterprizes of the Convention received due consideration. The reports of the various Boards showed that a great deal had been accomplished, and much progress made in each department of the work conducted by the Convention.

Nearly $2,000 were reported by the State Mission Board as having been collected and distributed for Missions, within the State during the year. But this is by no means all that has been done for Missions within the State. This is only what actually passed through the hands of the Board. Much has been contributed by Associations, churches and individuals that has not been reported by the Board. For Foreign Missions $3,699.89 were reported. This includes $500, the quota of North Carolina for the building of a chapel in the city of Rome. The Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention are sustaining extensive missionary operations in Italy, China and Africa.

The numerical strength of the Baptists of the State is estimated at 165,000. Of these, 100,000 are white.

Considerable progress has been made during the year in education and Sunday Schools, indicating a more earnest and active zeal on the part of the brotherhood, in these several departments of labor. A large and enthusiastic meeting was held in the Baptist church, on Friday night, in the interest of the church, and about $2000 were raised to aid in building a new church in a more eligible location.

Yours truly,
M. BALDWIN.

Gen. Gordon has been re-elected to the U. S. Senate by the Georgia Legislature. He got all but five votes in the two Houses.

State News.

Warrenton *Gazette:* Mr. Robert Falkener, of Sandy Creek, can claim the belt as the oldest voter in the State. He is 102 years old, and has voted eighty times, always on the right side.

The Governor has prolonged the life of Bob Boswell, the wife murderer, of Durham. He will be used as a witness in another Durham murder case.

INDICTED.—The Grand Jury of the Criminal Court of Wake county found a true bill against George W. Swepson, on a charge of obtaining money under false pretences, the amount so obtained being $4,000,000,—*Raleigh News, 20th.*

The annual Conference of the M. E. Church, South, will be held in the Tyron Street Church, Charlotte, 27th inst.—Bishop Geo. F. Pearce, of Georgia, will preside. His health has been feeble during the present year, but is now much improved.

Suffering will exhibit its presence by the cries of the baby, and should be removed by the prompt use of that highly recommended remedy, Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. It is free from Opium. Price 25 cents.

Charlotte *Observer:* It has recently transpired that public opinion in Mecklenburg county is moulding itself into a warlike attitude towards the dog, or more preporly speaking, is preparing itself to become the champion of the sheep. —— Farmers are getting their yearly supply of fruit trees, and the quantity sold in the county this year is said to be larger by far than ever before in its history. The larger proportion of these are from North Carolina nurseries.

Charlotte *Democrat:* The notorious Gen. Milton S. Littlefield was locked up in a station-house in New York, one night last week for slipping off from a hotel without paying his board bill. A friend of the General paid the bill, and he was discharged. Littlefield is the man, who, with some native citizens of North Carolina, robbed and plundered the State and Railroads soon after the war.

Fayetteville *Gazette:* Mr. J. B. Makepeace, of Randolph, had on exhibition at the fair samples of Irish potatoes raised by him this year, which yielded at the rate of 604 bushels per acre. This wonderful result is vouched for, and the crop is not only very large, but of very fine quality. It was easy to take out from the pile anywhere potatoes which weighed 1½ pounds each.

The Asheville *Journal* says that Marshal Douglas had not sufficient funds on hand at the recent term of the Federal Court at Asheville, to pay deputy marshalls', jailors' and witnesses' fees. He made requisition on the Department of Justice for $8,600 to pay the expenses of the court. The department refused peremptorily to allow him but $6,000, assigning as a reason that the appropriation made by Congress for conducting the business of that branch of the government was entirely too small.—This message was supplemented by a note from the Attorney General, telling the marshal that *he* must reduce the expenses of the court.

The Government of the U. S. had collected from the North Carolina Railroad $50,000 internal revenue taxes. For some time Col Holt, assisted by Mr. Thos. B. Keogh, his attorney, has been endeavoring to have this money refunded, as having been illegally assessed and collected. Last week they succeeded in having the amount reduced to $5,700, with a fair chance of wiping this out also, on legal points which have been submitted to the Attorney General for his opinion. Nearly all of our State roads have paid a similar tax, much of which, no doubt will be refunded, since Col. Holt has gained the points for the N. C. Company.—*Patriot.*

The *Christian Advocate* gives the following as the membership in the North Carolina Conference, adding the number having joined this year, may be put down in round numbers at 60,000. There are 25 counties in our State attached to the Holston and Virginia Conference.—The number of Methodists in these counties is put down at 10,000. Protestant Methodists, we have been informed by one of the preachers, number 10,000.—Colored Methodists—the fruits of the M. E. Church, South, before the war numbered 26,000. The O'Kelleyites, (called christians,) and those who have joined the M. E. Church, North, and another small sect called "The Methodist," known as the abolition Methodists before the war, are supposed to number 15,000. This gives a grand total of 115,000 Methodist communicants in the State.

General News.

The railroad and steamboat mail service will be reduced next year to the extent of $400,000, unless Congress supplies the deficiency.

The California wine crop this year will probably not exceed 4,000,000 gallons, or two-thirds of what it was in 1876.

In Ireland, ten years ago, over 1,000,000 acress of land were devoted to potatoe culture; now only about 70,000 acres are employed.

The life-saving service is crippled in its funds, and rendered unable to establish the additional stations needed on the Atlantic coast, by the way in which its appropriations are squandered by its chief.

The Buffalo *Express* proposes this connundrum: "Can a country be very 'hard up,' which consumes 50,000,000 gallons of whisky, 10,000,000 barrels of beer and 2,000,000,000 cigars in a single year?"

A church built by the American Baptists, at a cost of $20,000, was opened in Rome on the 2d inst. The ministers of all the Evangelical denominations and the members of the Young Men's Christian Association, took part in the service.

Have used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and pronounce it the best medicine in use. A case of consumption here was cured by its use. We cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers.—Jeffress, Roberts & Co., South Boston, Va., November 17, 1875.

The wheat fleet gathered in San Francisco to convey the surplus crop of this season is bigger than ever before. Forty-four vessels cleared in September an average of about 1,200 tons each, and there are now some 60 vessels in port, with a carrying capacity of 2,300,000 bushels.

Within a period of little more than six months there have been four attempts to assassinate rulers of important European countries. Two of them were directed against the German emperor, one against the king of Spain, and now another has been made against the king of Italy.

Despite the immense yield of gold in California, it is now shown that her tillable soil produces more actual wealth than her richest mines. Her grain and her fruits exceed in value the best of her placers. Her grape crop this season will be so very large that preparations are making to convert 1,000 tons of grapes into raisins.

HEAVY ELECTION EXPENSES.—English election "expenses" are very high. But in other years they were higher.—In Yorkshire, in 1807, Lord Milton and Mr. Lascelles paid out $1,000,000, but Mr. Wilberforce beat them at an expense of only $175,000 to his friends.—In four elections in 1830 and 1832 Lord Londonderry spent $130,000 in Durham alone and did not win.

In France everything is done to make the poorer classes thrifty. There are 8,000 savings banks for school children alone to deposit their pennies. Economy is thus taught from the tenderest age and is the most important lesson in finance. In Ghent 44,000 boys and girls deposit $100,000 annually. No failures occur. The rate of interest averages four per cent. In 1870 there were 2,300,000 "penny depositors" in France.

OUR PRECIOUS METALS.—Director of the Mint Lindeman in his annual report estimates that during the last fiscal year was produced from American mints $49,236,107 in gold, $46,726,314 silver. He estimates that about three million dollars worth of the metals were used in the arts and manufactures and about $8,000,060 exported. He estimates the whole stock of gold and silver bullion in the country at about $332,444,000.

LAMENTABLE CONDITION OF ENGLISH LABORERS.—A state of appalling distress and destitution exists among the mechanics and laborers of Sheffield in consequence of business depression.—Hundreds are living in tenements, without clothing or furniture, which they have been forced to sell to procure food. They are without fuel and dependent upon their neighbors for subsistence.—The mayor has called a public meeting to devise measures for their relief.

THE INDIANS.—A special says: "John Taylor with wife and two children and Miss Clutz left Springfield, Missouri, in a wagon for Colorado two months ago. Nothing was heard of them until a few days ago, when a letter was received from Miss Clutz stating that the Indians had captured the party and murdered all except herself. She was afterwards rescued by the United States troops.—The letter graphically describes the fight with the Indians, about twenty of whom were killed and wounded before capturing Taylor."

Lyman Potter, who has for seven months been pushing a wheelbarrow across the continent, has arrived in San Francisco. He declares that he walked all the way, and a man who professedly watched him throughout the journey, seeing him once every day or oftener, says that there was no fraud. Potter walked nearly if not the entire distance of about 5,000 miles in 215 days, and showed much pluck and endurance.—The wheelbarrow was covered with advertisements, for which pay was received, and photographs were sold in great numbers. He tells entertaining stories of being shot at and poisoned by men who had bet against him, of being chased by bears and of narrow escapes from Indians, and there is nobody to contradict him. His evidence of honest walking consists of a large book of certificates by persons on the way, including all the station agents and section men on the Pacific Railroads.

THE GREATEST FEAT ON RECORD.—The walking feat accomplished by the French peddler, Campana, in Bridgeport last week, is calculated to make us revise all our notions of human endurance. This volunteer "champion," suffering from serious bodily ailment and injury, without training, and with small hope of reward, walked five hundred and twenty-one miles and fifty-four feet in two hours and twenty minutes under six days. His ring was of the worst, long and narrow, with sharp turns, the floor was slippery and yielding, and the air was stifling, the walker's diet was meagre, and yet he managed to outdo the greatest exploit yet accomplished by a trained man for a large prize, under the most favorable circumstances. It is pleasing to know that the plucky fellow is a man of good character not unknown to local fame for generous courage in rescuing persons from various dangers.

A NEW COUNTERFEIT.—Counterfeit copper cents have been put in circulation. The new coins are a first-class imitation of a small cent of the issue of 1863, and are perfect with the exception that the "head side" bears thirteen stars in place of the words "United State of America." The coins are not molded, but are pressed out with a lever die, and it is thought that they are not of copper but of the glass and metal mixture, with a copper wash. In the upper portion of the wreath which surrounds the words "one cent," is stamped in small letters the word "not," so that the face reads "not one cent." This, however, would not be discovered except by a close observer. The coin is well calculated to deceive, and it remains to be seen whether they get into extensive circulation. Of all the coins we use, the cent is the least liable to be looked at or noticed, and it may be that some clever scoundrel has figured out a road to fortune by counterfeiting them in this manner and thus escaping conviction by pointing to the word "not" on the face of the coin.

THE LARGEST FARM IN THE WORLD.—Let your readers imagine, if they can, one undivided estate of 50,000 acres, extending twelve miles along the fertile bottom lands of a most beautiful river, and then back into the interior eleven miles more, the whole covering an area of over thirty square miles, and they will acquire some idea of the broad acres ruled by the farmer prince. Of this, 20,000 acres were this year sown in wheat, which has yielded 250,000 bushels. The land is apportioned into subdivisions of two thousand acres each, every one of which is presided over by a superintendent, who is under the direction of Mr. Dalrymple. He hires what men he requires, and discharges them for cause. Each chief overseer has a very nice house, in most cases handsomely fitted up, and finished in several instances in most excellent taste. Near the superintendent's house is the hands' boarding-house, where all the harvester's board. Back of these buildings are located the granaries and stables, and a little further removed the machine shops, engine-rooms and windmills. To run the farm it requires the services of 450 men and over 300 horses and mules; to keep the accounts three book-keepers are kept constantly busy, and two cashiers have little time to loaf around during working hours. Water is pumped by windmills several miles back into the interior from the river. Seventy-five Wood's reapers and binders are used in the harvest, and pile up the yellow sheaves at the rate of 1,000 acres per day. During the entire harvest season this year they were retarded only one half day by inclement weather. The grain is separated from the straw by eighteen steam threshers, which put it in the bins at the rate of 1,000 bushels per day.—*Courier Journal.*

GREAT REDUCTION

IN PRICES.

The withdrawal of J. H. SAILOR from the firm of CRAFT & SAILOR has caused the firm to offer their VERY LARGE

NURSERY STOCK

at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES. All persons in want of Fruit Trees, Plants, &c., should write at once for

SPECIAL PRICES.

The finest and largest stock ever offered. Notes and accounts must be settled at once.

CRAFT & SAILOR.

THE NURSERY BUSINESS will henceforth be carried on, in all its branches, at the GROUNDS now occupied with stock, by the undersigned, who has become sole Proprietor of THE CEDAR COVE NURSERY,

N. W. CRAFT,
RED PLAINS,
Yadkin Co., N. C.

Watches $3 to $7. Revolvers $2.50. Over 100 latest Novelties. Agts wanted. So. Supply Co. Nashville, Tenn.

"VEGETINE,"

says a Boston physician, "has no equal as a blood purifier. Hearing of its many wonderful cures after all other remedies had failed, I visited the Laboratory, and convinced myself of its genuine merit. It is prepared from barks, roots and herbs, each of which is highly effective, and they are compounded in such a manner as to produce astonishing results."

VEGETINE
Is the great Blood Purifier.

VEGETINE
Will cure the worst case of Scrofula.

VEGETINE
Is recommended by physicians and apothecaries.

VEGETINE
Has effected some marvellous cures in cases of Cancer.

VEGETINE
Cures the worst cases of Canker.

VEGETINE
Meets with wonderful success in Mercurial diseases.

VEGETINE
Will eradicate Salt Rheum from the system.

VEGETINE
Removes Pimples and Humors from the face.

VEGETINE
Cures Constipation and regulates the bowels.

VEGETINE
Is a valuable remedy for headache,

VEGETINE
Will cure Dyspepsia.

VEGETINE
Restores the entire system to a healthy condition.

VEGETINE
Removes the cause of Dizziness.

VEGETINE
Relieves Faintness at the Stomach.

VEGETINE
Cures Pains in the Back.

VEGETINE
Is effective in its cure of Female Weakness.

VEGETINE
Effectually cures Kidney Complaint.

VEGETINE
Is the great remedy for General Debility.

VEGETINE
Is acknowledged by all classes of people to be the best and most reliable blood purifier in the world.

VEGETINE
Prepared by
H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

CONDENSED TIME.

North Carolina Railroad.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

Date, Nov. 10, 1878.	No. 2. Daily.	No. 4. Daily.	No. 8. Daily ex. Sun.
Leave Charlotte	3 45 a m	6 55 p m	.....
" Salisbury	5 54 a m	9 10 p m	.....
" High Point	7 37 a m	10 39 p m	.....
Arrive Greensboro	8 11 a m	11 19 p m	.....
Leave Greensboro	8 20 a m	.....	4 10 p m
Arrive Hillsboro	10 34 a m	.....	6 33 p m
" Durham	11 14 a m	.....	10 03 p m
" Raleigh	12 30 p m	.....	1 00 a m
Leave "	3 00 p m	5 30 a m	.....
Arrive Goldsboro	5 25 p m	9 30 a m	.....

No 2—Connects at Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R., for all points in Western North Carolina, daily except Sunday. At Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West. At Goldsboro, with W. & W. R. R. for Wilmington.

No. 4—Connects at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

Date, Nov. 10, 1878.	No. 1. Daily.	No. 3. Daily.	No. 7. Daily. ex. Sun.
Leave Goldsboro	9 50 a m	5 35 p m	.....
Arrive Raleigh	12 20 p m	9 35 p m	.....
Leave "	3 50 p m	.....	5 30 a m
Arrive Durham	5 09 p m	.....	8 37 a m
" Hillsboro	5 50 p m	.....	10 13 a m
" Greensboro	8 12 p m	.....	3 30 p m
Leave "	8 28 p m	6 47 a m	.....
Arrive High Point	9 03 p m	7 45 a m	.....
" Salisbury	10 38 p m	9 02 a m	.....
" Charlotte	12 25 a m	10 50 a m	.....

No. 1—Connects at Greensboro with Salem Branch. At Charlotte with C. C. & A. R. R. for all points South and South-West; at Air Line Junction with A. & C. A. L. R. R. for all points South and Southeast.

No. 3—Connects at Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R. for all points in Western North Carolina. Daily except Sunday. At Air Line Junction with A. & C. A. L. R. R. for all points South and Southwest; at Charlotte with C., C. & A. & A. R. R. for all points South and Southwest.

SALEM BRANCH.

Leave Greensboro daily except Sunday			3 50 p m
Arrive Kernersville	"	"	10 00 p m
Arrive Salem	"	"	10 30 p m
Leave Salem	"	"	5 45 a m
Arrive Kernersville	"	"	6 25 a m
Arrive Greensboro	"	"	7 45 a m

Connecting at Greensboro with Trains on R. & D. and N. C. Railroads.

Sleep'g Cars Without Change,

Run both ways with Trains (Nos. 1 and 2) between New York and Atlanta via Richmond, Greensboro and Charlotte, and both ways on Trains Nos. 3 and 4 between New York and Savannah via Richmond, Charlotte and Augusta.

☞ Through Tickets on sale at Greensboro, Raleigh, Goldsboro, Salisbury and Charlotte, and at all principal points South, South-west, West North and East. For Emigrant rates to Arkansas and Texas, address

J. R. MACMURDO,
Gen'l Pass. Agent, Richmond, Va.

MARRIED LIFE **DR. BUTTS** No. 12 N. Eighth St, St. Louis, Mo.

Who has had greater experience in the treatment of the sexual troubles of both male and female than any physician in the West, gives the result of his long and successful practice in his two new works, just published, entitled

The PHYSIOLOGY OF MARRIAGE
The PRIVATE MEDICAL ADVISER

Books that are really Guides and Self-Instructors in all matters pertaining to Manhood and Womanhood, and supply a want long felt. They are beautifully illustrated, and in plain language, easily understood. The two books embrace 742 pages, and contain valuable information for both married and single, with all the recent improvements in medical treatment.

Read what our home papers say: "The knowledge imparted in Dr. Butts' new works is in no way of questionable character, but is something that every one should know. The Youth, the victim of early indiscretion; the Man, otherwise perfectly healthy maybe, but with waning vigor in the prime of life, and the Woman, in misery from the many ills her sex is heir to,"—St. Louis Journal.

POPULAR PRICES—60 cts. each both in one volume, $1; in cloth and gilt, 25 cts. extra. Sent under seal, on receipt of price in money or stamps.

SINGLE LIFE

WANTED!

A BLACKSMITH, immediately. Apply to the undersigned. W. F. SWAIM.
Farmington, Davie co., N. C. tf. Oct. 3.

SEMPER PARATUS.

PATTERSON & CO.

OF SALEM,

KEEP IN STOCK AND OFFER AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES, A

Fine & Varied Assortment of Dress Goods,

BLEACHED MUSLINS, Choice Styles New FALL PRINTS, NOTIONS, and FANCY GOODS, including Hosiery, Buttons, Threads, Gloves, Toilet Soaps, &c. Looking Glasses of different sizes, Umbrellas at all prices. Choice COFFEES and SUGARS.

OIL CLOTHS, Floor and Table, Daily expected, A fine lot of LADIES' VEILS, Gentlemen's Saxony and Nutria HATS. TOILET and LAUNDRY SOAPS.

A. T. Stewart & Co's Superior CASHMERES and ALPACAS. Our Agency for CARPETS continues, and we can offer all styles at from 10 to 15 percent less than last winter' sprices. Goods delivered promptly in Winston and Salem, and mailable packages sent to the country, free of charge,

AUGUST 8th, 1878.

HINSHAW & CO., AGENTS,

OPPOSITE PIEDMONT WAREHOUSE.

WINSTON, N. C.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE, GRASS SEEDS, FERTILIZERS & DRIED FRUITS.

RECEIVE NEW GOODS NEARLY EVERY DAY, AND ALL THEIR ROOMS are kept filled with well selected Goods which they sell at **BOTTOM PRICES.**

They invite their customers and public generally, to call and examine for themselves They have a

MOST VARIED AND COMPLETE STOCK,

and one of

THE LARGEST IN TOWN,

CONSISTING IN PART OF

500 PIECES PRINTS, ASSORTED;
Best Stock of Black Alpacas in Winston;

COTTON YARNS, SHEETINGS, PLAIDS, GINGHAMS, DRILLING, LINSEYS, WORSTEDS DRESS GOODS, SHAWLS, CASSIMERS, ERIES' JEANS, CLOTHS, JEANS, LINENS, COTTINETTS, SKIRTS, GENTLEMEN'S AND LADIES' MERINO UNDERWEAR and BLANKETS. A FULL LINE OF NOTIONS, MEN'S GLOVES, HATS, HARDWARE, NAILS, WHITE LEAD, (cheap) OILS, VARNISHES, HORSE AND MULE SHOES, AXES, ROPE, GLASS, PUTTY, WOODENWARE, DRUGS, CANNED GOODS, OYSTERS, CRACKERS, GROCERIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, FINE AND COMMON SYRUP, MEAT, LARD, COFFEE, SUGAR, &c.

500 SACKS COARSE AND FINE SALT. 2,000 POUNDS OF SOLE LEATHER, 2,000 PAIRS BOOTS AND SHOES OF EVERY GRADE. CALL AND SEE THEM.

We keep a full line of SHOES FOR LADIES AND MISSES, made at Winchester, Va., every pair of which we warrant. We also have a very large stock of all grades of other shoes.

DRIED FRUITS AND ALL COUNTRY PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR MERCHANDISE.

Our facilities for handling Goods and Produce are not surpassed by any house, here or elsewhere, in this country, and we at all time pay full market price for all saleable produce. All our prices are based on Cash.—We do this believing it to be the fairest way for both seller and buyer.

ALLISON & ADDISON'S

"STAR BRAND"

COMPLETE MANURE FOR TOBACCO AND WHEAT.

Is the cheapest Fertilizer, according to grade, on the market, and has given almost universal satisfaction. Standard guaranteed. We refer to 300 farmers in this and adjoining counties, who have been and are using it. We also keep fresh ground PLASTER and No. 1 PERUVIAN GUANO.

ALL OUR SEEDS ARE FIRST CLASS,

and are from the well known Seedsmen of Richmond, Va., Allison & Addison. We now have in stock both at wholesale and retail, in any quantities, Clover Seed, Orchard Grass Seed, Herd's Grass Seed, Timothy Seed, Blue Grass Seed, German Millet Seed, and other varieties of Seeds.

ISAAC H. NELSON, of Stokes County,
NEWTON H. MEDEARIS, of Forsyth County,
JOHN W. MILLER, of Davidson County,

are with us and invite their friends to come and see them. They offer to the trade inducements unsurpassed by any house here. Respectfully,

HINSHAW & CO., Agents.

Winston, Aug. 8th, 1878.

ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY!

Z. G. HEGE, OF SALEM, N. C. | M. B. BITTING, OF BETHLEHEM, PA.

SIEWERS' OLD FURNITURE & COFFIN SHOP AGAIN OPENED.

THE WINSTON FURNITURE AND COFFIN COMPANY have rented J. D. SIEWERS' CABINET SHOP and all the machinery, where they intend to keep on hand and make to order, all kinds of FURNITURE and COFFINS. They have the most competent mechanics in their employment, and are able to do any kind of jobs ordered from them.

All kinds of REPAIRING, UPHOLSTERING, SAW FILING, &c., done in the most thorough and skillful manner.

Z. G. Hege will be glad to see all his old friends, in town and country, at any time.

A full supply of COFFINS, all sizes, always on hand.

Call at the Shop opposite Piedmont Warehouse, Winston, N. C., and at J. D. Siewers' Old Stand, Salem, N. C. Address,

WINSTON FURNITURE & COFFIN CO.
Winston and Salem, Sept. 5, 1878. 1y.

Dr. V. O. Thompson,

Druggist & Pharmaceutist,

Winston, N. C.

HAS THE **Oldest and Largest Drug House** in Winston. He is constantly increasing and improving his stock.

Goods are sold as cheap as any reliable house can sell.

Particular attention paid to compounding medicines,

Call on us before purchasing,

PAINTS, OILS & DYE-STUFFS

A SPECIALTY.

November 29, 1877. 12 mos.

CARPETS, CARPETS,

CARPETS.

THE people of this vicinity have long felt the necessity of having a larger and better assortment of Carpets to select from has ever been kept in the place before. *T want is now fully supplied.* We have secure the exclusive use of

Richardson's Carpet Exhibitor,

A WONDERFUL INVENTION

for showing Carpets; a brief description of the use of which we give below.

With the use of the CARPET EXHIBITOR, we show from a Sample just how the Carpet looks on a very large room, multiplying the Sample a thousand times, matched and shown as perfect as when the carpet is made up and nailed upon the floor. In this way we are now prepared to show you a

NEW YORK WHOLESALE STOCK.

We have made special arrangements with one of the *Largest Houses* in New York, to fill all our orders for Carpets, and will show you a larger assortment to select from than has ever been kept outside of a wholesale house.

We keep samples of all

NEW AND DESIRABLE PATTERNS.

which *are not kept in stock* outside of large cities. This way of buying Carpets has now *become popular*, and we show what you would otherwise have to go to New York to find. We can sell as cheap for *cash* as you can buy for *cash* in New York, and there being no remnants to take off the profits, we are enabled to sell on a very small commission, and most respectfully invite the public to exam ine our stock, and satisfy themselves.

IF YOU WANT A CARPET

of any dimensions, bring a correct measure of your room and we guarantee to suit you

Please call and see us, whether you wis to buy or not, as it is no trouble to show goods.

PATTERSON & CO.,

CARPETS, DRY GOODS and GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Main Street, Salem, N. C.

PRESCRIPTION FREE!

For the speedy Cure of Seminal Weakness, Lost Manhood and all disorders brought on by indiscretion or excess. Any Druggist has the ingredients. Address, Dr. W. JAQUES & CO., 120 West Sixth Street, Cincinnati, O.

The People's Press.

Post Office Directory.

Salem, N. C. Post Office Arrangements. Office hours from 7 o'clock, A. M., to 6 P. M., during the week, and on Sunday from 7 to 8 A. M.

TIME OF ARRIVAL AND CLOSING OF MAILS.

RAILROAD, from Greensboro to Salem closes every day, except Sunday at 4.45, p. m. Due every day, except Sunday, by 10:50 p. m.

MOUNT AIRY, via Winston, Old Town, Bethania, Five Forks, Dalton, Pilot Mountain, Flat Shoals and Tom's Creek. Closes every day except Sunday, at 6:30, a. m. Due every day except Sunday, at 6, p. m.

DANBURY, via Winston, Flat Branch, Sedge Garden, Germanton and Walnut Cove. Closes every day except Sunday at 6:30, a. m, Due every day, except Sunday by 5, p. m.

HUNTSVILLE, via Lewisville and Panther Creek. Closes Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6:30, a. m. Due Tuesday, Thursday and Saturdayby 10, a. m.

RICHMOND HILL, via Mount Tabor, Vienna, Red Plains and East Bend. Closes Monday and Friday at 6:30 a. m. Due Tuesday and Saturday by 2, p. m.

FULTON, via Friedberg, Advance and Elbaville, closes every Friday, at 6:30, A. M. Due every Saturday, by 8, A. M.

H. W. SHORE, P. M.

LOCAL ITEMS.

THANKSGIVING DAY!

THE umbrella repairer is about.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER'S meet Monday.

SMALL DROVES of horses continue to pass through town.

THANKSGIVING SERVICE in the churches this morning.

SUNDAY was a beautiful day, mild, with pleasant breezes.

THE Salem Sunday School is preparing for a Christmas Concert.

A Colt, seven months old, for sale. Enquire at this office.

THE "Gospel Hymns" are much used at the revival services this fall.

Dr. SHAFFNER will flood his meadow adjoining that of Mrs. Keehln, for an ice pond. The skaters rejoice.

THE new schedule closes the Rail Road mail at 4:45 p. m. The mail opens in the office, at an early hour in the morning.

A COLLECTION for benefit of our home poor will be taken up after service, this morning, in the Moravian Church.

PLANTATION FOR SALE.—A plantation of 105 acres, half woodland, within two miles of Winston. Enquire at this office.

THE contract for carrying the mail to Madison has expired and all mailable matter is sent to that place via Danbury.

WAUGHTOWN, we are told, promises Fair Ground Association $400 as their donation towards the Fair Ground.

B. F. CROSLAND has chosen as a site and will soon commence erecting a residence on that portion of his lot fronting Old Shallowford Street.

Messrs. HANES BROS., of Winston, have recently put an addition of steam to their tobacco factory, and will carry on operations during the winter months.

THE Statesville *Landmark* says that the Wilkesboro *Witness* has been purchased by our townsman, Col. R. L. Patterson.

WAUGHTOWN.—The number of professions at the Waughtown Church, under Rev. Mr. Richardson and others, is 30.

LAST year the distilleries run principally on brandy. This season, owing to scarcity of fruit, corn will be brought into requisition, for whisky.

Rev. E. RONDTHALER is contributing a series of well written letters to the *Moravian*, of Bethlehem, Pa., descriptive of his recent trip in Western North Carolina, and the grand mountain scenery.

CHANGED AGAIN.—The Railroad schedule has changed again, going into effect Monday. About 11 P. M. the train arrives and leaves at 5.45 P. M.

OUR YOUNG MEN find the Reading Rooms a pleasant place to spend the winter evenings. There is membership of 30 odd on the Club's roll.

SCHOOL COMMITTEES of different districts in the county can obtain School Registers at the Register of Deeds office, on application.

FRET-WORK, tasty and unique in design is manufactured here. See list of articles, etc., in our advertising columns.

OUR town was visited the past week by a travelling purchaser of cast-off jewelry who made a tour of the towns in quest of discarded trinkets.

IN the Moravian Church, to-day, can be seen an appropriate exhibition of farm and garden products, neatly arranged by the ladies.

WE have had for two days a steady rain and on going to press is still at it. The creek below town is rising and probably there will be an overflow.

LARGEST SWEET POTATO.—Elias Swaim, near this place, raised a mammoth sweet potato, weighing nine pounds. Ahead of anything yet, in the tater line.

LOCK THE DOOR.—The colored thief who stole Nathaniel Ketner's horse, was lodged in this county jail, having been arrested at Thomasville.

SNOW STORM.—We learn from the Mt. Airy *Visitor* that a considerable snow storm prevailed on the Blue Ridge Mountain, Thursday night and Friday morning of last week.

THE rogues, three negroes, who broke into M. W. Rose's store, were caught in Mt. Airy and conveyed to this county jail this week. A large portion of the goods were recovered.

J. BLICKENDERFER has put up a lamp in front of his Notion Store and it brightens up things splendidly these nights.—Every store should follow Jacob's example. Helps appearances so.

Danbury Reporter: Sheriff Burton, started to Kentucky last Monday, with a requisition for Ben. Smith, who killed a man named Martin, in Stokes county, two years ago.

HOUDANS!—HOUDANS! !—A Houdan rooster and hens, and young cocks and pullets for sale, at 50 cents apiece. These fowls are excellent layers. Enquire at this office. ‡

THE old town clock occasionally rambles from the path of duty. For a few days past at the 1 o'clock toll 6 is heard and the like. The clock-maker was called in and has righted the erring time piece again.

WINSTON is to have another weekly newspaper. At least a gentleman from Oxford, N. C., is soliciting ads. and proposes the establishment of a Democratic weekly, to be called "*The Leader*."

WE ask all to read the double col. ad. of Patterson & Co., who have a large and splendid stock of Shoes and Hats, to suit all in price and style. Go and examine for yourselves. No trouble to show goods.

GRAND LODGE of Masons, F. & A. M., meet in Raleigh, December 3. The delegates elect from Winston Lodge are Capt. D. P. Mast and Sam'l H. Smith; and of Salem Lodge, E. A. Ebert and Christian Fogle.

ONE of Salem's ladies, fond of poultry raising, has a brag Leghorn hen, hatched in March last, which has for 25 days past laid an egg each day, and still continues. This variety of fowl never set, and are very profitable to keep.

Rev. Mr. KURFEES closed his labors here Sunday, with an immersion ceremony in the afternoon, at which two persons were baptized. Fourteen professions of faith were made, and 13 baptisms the result.

OUR TOWNSMAN, E. A. Welfare, has a novelty completed, on the bicycle order. Upon a level and down grade, the travelling machine works capital, with little effort, on part of the rider, but going up hill, is a difficulty hard to overcome.

AT Davidson Superior Court, Bill Locke, from Rowan, was convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to the penitentiary for eight years. He had already suffered about two years' imprisonment in jail pending his trial. The costs fall on the county of Rowan, nearly $3,000.

THE business men of Salem and Winston respond liberally to the efforts of Messrs. Crist and Vogler, employees of our office, who are getting out a Christmas Advertiser. The paper will contain interesting reading matter, and a large edition will be issued.

THERE is no use for a man, when the baby cries at night, to get up and go through a series of somer-saults over chairs in his search for the matches to make a light, if he uses one of those handy little Night-Lamps, which are sold so cheap at S. H. Smith's Drug Store, Winston.

IN former times it was customary for the street commissioner, after each rain, to make a tour of town and open and cleanse fills and washes, however slight. Some person for a small sum, could be employed to perform like duty.

JONAS SHORE, of this place, killed two fine hogs Monday, weighing 354 and 282.

Ransom Sink, of this county, killed two fine porkers weighing 419 and 396 at eighteen months old.

THE revival service, by Mrs. Moon and Miss Painter, still continues with unabated interest. The Methodist E. Church is so crowded each day and night that many are unable to get in. The interest taken in these meetings is unprecedented here. The professions, we learn, exceed 50. Ministers of all denominations join in the services.

SYNOD.—The delegates elected by the adjourned Synod of the Moravian Church South, to represent this Province in the General Synod of the Moravian Church to be held at Herrnhut, Germany, in 1879, are Revs. Edward Rondthaler and R. P. Lineback. Alternates, Rev. E. P. Greider and Mr. J. W. Fries.

CLARENCE CRIST will, in a few days, send an order for skates to Messrs. Peck & Snyder, of New York. Any one desiring to send on for the same wares will find it to their interest to club with him.

ANSWER TO REBUS.—"At S. E. Allen's Hardware House you will always find the cheapest Stoves, and a large lot of Hardware, consisting of Axes, Horse Shoes, Drawing Knives, Compasses and Squares, Locks, Anvils, Plows, Forks and Spoons, &c., &c. Goods by the car load every week."

Rev. P. CARRAWAY, of the Methodist E. Church, Winston, will be absent a portion of the week, attending the annual Conference of the M. E. Church, which opened its session in Charlotte, yesterday. The Rev. gentleman has officiated here for the past two years, in a very able manner and has won the highest esteem. It is hoped that Mr. Carraway will again return for another season.

TO THE TEACHERS OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN FORSYTH COUNTY.—There will be held on Saturday 30th inst., an adjourned meeting of the County Teacher's Association. All teachers are urgently requested to attend, as business of importance will be transacted. The Association will convene in the Court-House, at 10 o'clock, a. m.

By order of Executive Committee,
F. D. L. MESSER, Secretary.

HOGS AND KITTEN.—One of our citizens discovered a strange kitten in his hog pen, perfectly at home, eating what suited its fancy out of the same trough with four large hogs, unmolested, and apparently on the best of terms with the porkers. Queer companionship for a feline, certain.

STOKES COUNTY SENSATION.—On the 16th inst., at the store of Jacob Fulton, Sauratown, Stokes county, George Hairston and Joel Fulton came to high words and Hairston drawing a pistol, shot and hit Fulton, the ball passing his lower lip and lodging in the back of his head. Hairston immediately mounted his horse and rode off. The wounded man was at last accounts not expected to live.

The rumor current here Wednesday, is that Fulton has since died from the effects of his wound, and Hairston has been arrested.

CHEW Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco.

A meeting of the Home Mission, of the Moravian Church, was held in the Church Chapel, Wednesday evening.—Reports of the mission work being carried on at present, by Byron Spaugh and others, were read which were very satisfactory, indeed. The election of new officers took place, and the following stand enrolled:

President.—Bishop E. A. DeSchweinitz.
Secretary.—Rev. E. Rondthaler.
Treasurer.—Jas. T. Lineback.
With four directors.

A Remarkable Result.

It makes no difference how many Physicians, or how much medicine you have tried, it is now an established fact that German Syrup is the only remedy which has given complete satisfaction in severe cases of Lung Diseases. It is true there are yet thousands of persons who are predisposed to Throat and Lung Affections, Consumption, Hemorrhages, Asthma, Severe Colds settled on the Breast, Pneumonia, Whooping Cough, &c., who have no personal knowledge of Boschee's German Syrup. To such we would say that 50,000 dozen were sold last year without one complaint. Consumptives try just one bottle. Regular size 75 cents. Sold by all Druggists in America.

MARRIED.

On the 14th inst., by Rev. J. B. Lineback, Mr. INGRAM CLODFELTER to Miss ELLEN LASHMIT—all of Davidson.

On the 21st inst., by Rev. C. L. Rights, Mr. JAS. R. JOYCE, of Stokes County, to Miss C. ELIZABETH HEPLER, of Kernersville.

Near East Bend, Yadkin county, on the 20th inst, by the Rev S. D. Peeler, Mr. A. H. MCMAHAN, of Davie, to Miss MATTIE J. MILLER, daughter of W. H. Miller, Esq.

On the evening of the 19th inst., at the March House, by the Rev. Mr. Campbell, Mr. C. A. HANES, of Lexington, to Miss FLORENCE OVERMAN, of Charlotte.

DIED.

In Winston, on Saturday, ANDERSON CREWS, at an advanced age. The funeral service was held Sunday at Methodist P. Church, by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Wills.

In West Salem, Ill., November 11th, DAVID FISCHEL, aged 71 years, 10 months and 12 days. Mr. Fischel was a native of this county.

Last Call for Taxes.

In compliance to the requirements of law I will make a second round for the purpose of collecting the unpaid taxes now due. I will meet tax payers at the following times and places:

Butner's Hotel, Friday,	Nov.	15th, 1878.
Old Town, Saturday,	"	16th, "
Ben. Hampton's, Monday,	"	18th, "
Lewisville, Tuesday,	"	19th, "
Vienna, Wednesday.	"	20th, "
E. L. Reid's, Thursday,	"	21st, "
Bethania, Friday,	"	22nd, "
Bitting's Store, Saturday,	"	23rd, "
Crew's School House, Monday,	"	25th, "
Widow Clinard's, Tuesday,	"	26th, "
Jno. Robertsons' Wednesday,	"	27th, "
Kernersville, Thursday,	"	28th, "
Crims' X Roads, Friday,	"	29th, "
Salem Chapel, Saturday,	"	30th, "
Winston, Monday & Tuesday,	Dec.	2nd & 3d.

The delinquent tax payers are earnestly requested to meet me at the above appointments and pay up. I am compelled to settle and will have to put the taxes in the hands of officers for collection, if not paid on this round. Costs will be saved.

J. G. HILL, SHERIFF.

Oct. 23rd, 1878.

OPIUM and Morphine habit cured. The Original and only absolute CURE. Send stamp for book on Opium Eating, to W. B. Squire, Washington, Greene Co., Ind.

THE MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY
PATTERSON & CO.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL MERCHANTS.

PRODUCE.

Wheat, $1.00 to $1.10; Old corn, 50 to 00; New corn, 35 to 40; Rye, 50 to 55; Oats, 30; Flaxseed, 85; Feathers, (new) 40; Butter 12½ to 15; Eggs, 12½; Beeswax, 21 to 23; Flour, $2 50 to $0 00; Meal, per lb., 1½c.; Bacon, Western Sides, 8 cts. a le; Home Sides, 8; Hams, 10; Shoulders, 7; Lard, 9 to 10; Chickens, 12½. Peas, 50; Pork, 6; Raw Cotton, 8; Wool, 30 a 40; Green Apples, 40 a 60; Chestnuts, $1.50; Tallow, 7.

STAPLE GOODS.

Sugars, Brown 8 to 9; White, 10 to 12; Coffees, Rio, 14 to 18; Extra Fancy, 20; Yarns, 90; Sheeting 6¼ to 7¼; Plaids, 8½ to 9; Soda, 5; Kerosene Oil, per gallon, 18; Syrup, per gallon, 25; Salt, per sack, $1 10, $1 15, $1 20, $1 90.

The above represents wholesale prices. Retail prices are higher, except for salt.

Winston Tobacco Market.

REPORTED BY A. B. GORRELL.
WINSTON, N. C., Nov. 20th, 1878.
NEW CROP.

Lugs, Common	$1 00 to	$1 50
" Good,	2 50 to	2 50
" Good Red	2 30 to	2 50
" Bright lim	3 00 to	3 50
" " good	4 50 to	6 00
" " fine	7 00 to	9 50
" " fancy	10 00 to	14 00
Leaf Common	2 50 to	3 50
" Good	4 50 to	6 50
Bright thin leaf	7 00 to	12 50
Common Wrappers,	8 50 to	10 00
Medium "	12 50 to	16 00
Fine "	18 00 to 25 00 to	35 00

as to color and quality.

CHARLOTTE, Nov. 22.—Flour $2 65 a $2 67. Wheat 90. Corn 50 a 52. Oats 00 a 35. Bacon 5½ a 7. Potatoes, 30 a 60.

FAYETTEVILLE, Nov. 22.—Bacon 7 a 10. Apple Brandy $2 25. Flour $4 75 a $5 25. Corn 70 a 72. Wheat 90 a $1 00. Lard, 9 a 10. Potatoes, 35 a 40. Whisky $2 00.

NEW YORK Nov. 25.—Flour 4 00 a 5 00. Wheat 104 a $1 10. Corn 46 a 47. Oats 27 a 30.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 25.—Wheat $1 a $1 12. Corn 43 a 45. Oats 27 a 28. Flour $2 75 a $4 25. Bacon, 4½ a 5½.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 25.—Wheat 88 a 95 Corn 30 a 32. Oats 22 a 25. Bacon 3a 4½.

Plenty.

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PLENTY—IRON—all sorts.
PLENTY—Nails, from 2d to 60 d.
PLENTY—Stoves, 6 kinds for Cooking.
PLENTY—Window Glass, size 8x10 to 24x48
PLENTY—Mule Shoes, 1 to 4.
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PLENTY—Castings, little to large.
PLENTY—Bolts, from 1 to 20 inches.
PLENTY—Screws, ⅜ No. 2 to 3m 20.
PLENTY—Hubs, Rims and Spokes.
PLENTY—Sash, Blinds and Doors.
PLENTY—Buggy Material.
PLENTY—Tin Ware.
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PLENTY—Ornaments.
PLENTY—Rings.
PLENTY—Well Pulleys.
PLENTY—Well Buckets.
PLENTY—Rope.
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PLENTY—Tools.
PLENTY—Material for the Builder.

In short, we will try to give you at

Gray's Old Stand,

At South-East Corner of Court-House,

AT ALLEN'S CORNER,

At Hardware Store of S. E. ALLEN,

HARDWARE
A Plenty.

Geo. B. Everitt,

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,

WINSTON, N. C.,

WILL practice in the Courts of the Eighth Judicial District, in the Supreme Court, and in the Federal Courts.

OFFICE in the one occupied by the late Col. Masten.

☞ All business intrusted to my care shall receive prompt attention.

We know Mr. Everitt well; he is an accomplished gentleman and a good lawyer, and we cheerfully recommend him as such to the citizens of Forsyth.

Judge R. P. Dick, Hon. W. N. H. Smith, W. H. Bailey, C. S. Hauser, S. C. C. 34-tf

D. R. LEAK. T. A. WILSON

WINSTON
MARBLE & GRANITE WORKS!

The undersigned respectfully announc that they have opened a first-class

MARBLE & GRANITE YARD.

Where they are prepared to furnish

MARBLE HEADSTONES, MONUMEMTS, TOMBSTONES, MANTELS,

&c., &c., &c.

Granite Work for Building and Garve yard purposes. All Monuments and Tombs executed in the FINEST STYLE. None employed but

SKILLED WORKMEN.

Orders from a distance solicited and promptly filled at prices that cannot be undersold. Designs sent to any one on application, free of charge. Country produce of all kinds taken in exchange for work. All work warranted. Address

LEAK & WILSON.

Winston, N. C., August, 1877.—no.30.

NOTICE.

HAVING qualified as Administrators on the estate of Israel G. Lash, on the 1st day of May, 1878, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment and settlement. And all persons having claims against said estate will present them for payment within the time prescribed by law, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.

THOS. B. LASH, } *Admistrators*
W. A. LASH, } *of*
W. A. LEMLY, } *Israel G. Lash.*

May 16, 1878-tf.

FOR SALE.

ONE BUREAU, ONE BOOKCASE, ONE WARDROBE.

Can be seen at the residence of Mr. C. L. Rights. Terms made known on applying to Mr. T. F. Crist.

I. W. DURHAM,

PRACTICAL

Marble-Worker

AND DEALER IN

MONUMENTS

AND

GRAVESTONES.

WINSTON, N. C.

Write for Price List and Designs.
March 21—26-12—1 year.

SUPPORT LOCAL INDUSTRY.

TO THE CITIZENS OF FORSYTH.

I WOULD MOST RESPECTFULLY inform the citizens of Winston, Salem and the surrounding country that I have opened a

CIGAR FACTORY,

and have on hand a large stock of fine

HAVANA AND SEED CIGARS

of my own manufacture which I offer at prices DEFYING COMPETITION.

I will keep on hand the following brands of Cigars:

CHURRICA,
BEST HAVANA,
ROYAL HAVANA,
THE SILVER LAKE,
THE INDIAN QUEEN,
FLOR DEL HABANA,
THE PRIDE OF WINSTON,
THE PRIDE OF SALEM,
THE PRIDE OF DURHAM,
THE DUKE OF DURHAM,
LITTLE CONRAD, and
THE STANDARD HABANA.

My Store is fitted up exclusively for

SMOKER'S GOODS,

and I will keep on hand all the celebrated brands of

SMOKING TOBACCO,

including

Blackwell's Durham Bull, Duke's Pro Bono Publico, Gail & Ax's Little Joker, Leak's Southern Belle, and Jones' Celebrated Occoneechee (fine for Cigarettes.)

ALL KINDS OF PIPES,

Meerschaum, Briar, Apple and Clay. Also Cigarettes and Cigarette Holders. All kinds of Cigar Holders, Cigar Cases, and all other goods that are to be found in any first-class store on Broadway, New York.

CALL and EXAMINE

my stock before purchasing elsewhere.

Store on Court House Square (Dr. V. O. Thompson's Old Stand.)

SAM'L MERRILL.

Winston, N. C., Oct. 3—1878. 6 mo.

STOVES-STOVES-STOVES!

THE UNDERSIGNED has the largest and most complete assortment of

COOKING STOVES

AND

HEATING STOVES

ever offered in this market and at greatly REDUCED PRICES.

Stove Pipes and Fixtures

always on hand.

ROOFING AND GUTTERING

promptly attended to. A general assortment of

TIN WARE,

Wholesale and Retail, always to be found at the "BIG COFFEE POT. Prices to suit the times.

J. E. MICKEY.

Salem, N. C., Oct. 24, 1878.

New Advertisements.

It having been widely advertised under the caption of

"America Ahead in Spool Cotton,"

that the Jury on Cotton textiles, yarns, and threads, at the Paris Exposition, decreed a Gold Medal and Grand Prize to the Willimantic Linen Company for "Spool Cotton especially adapted for use on Sewing Machines" over all the great thread manufactures of the world, we owe it as a duty to the public and to Messrs. J. & P. Coats to announce that

No Grand Prizes were decreed at Paris for Spool Cotton.

We are advised by cable of the following awards:

J. & P. COATS, GOLD MEDAL.
Willimantic Linen Co., Silver Medal.

and we claim for the winners of the First Prize that, as they have established in Rhode Island the largest Spool Cotton Mills in the United States, where their Spool Cotton is manufactured through every process from the raw cotton to the finished spool, AMERICA, as represented by Messrs. J. & P. COATS, is still AHEAD in SPOOL COTTON.

Auchincloss Brothers,
Sole Agents in New York for J. & P. COATS.

OIL SASSAFRAS and PENNYROYAL

Of prime quality, bought in any quantity, for cash on delivery, free of brokerage, commissions, or storexpenses, by

Dodge & Olcott,

IMPORTERS AND EXPORTERS OF
DRUGS, ESSENTIAL OILS, &C.,
88 Willam Street, - New York.

SWEET Chewing JACKSON'S BEST **NAVY Tobacco**

Awarded Highest prize at Centennial Exposition for fine chewing qualities and excellence and lasting character of sweetening and flavoring. The best tobacco ever made. As our blue strip trade-mark is closely imitated on inferior goods, see that *Jackson's Best* is on every pkg. Sold by all dealers. Send for sample. ☞ C. A. JACKSON & Co., Mfrs., Petersburg, Va.

Before You Start,
INSURE AGAINST ACCIDENTS!

Get an Accident Ticket or Yearly Policy in the

TRAVELERS

At Local Agency or Railway Station.

ADVERTISERS! send for our Select List of Local Newspapers. Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 10 Spruce Street, New York.

FRET-WORK.

THE UNDERSIGNED invites the kind attention of his friends, and of the public generally, to his large and varied assortment of **DESIGNS** for useful and ornamental

ARTICLES IN FRET-WORK,

which he is prepared to manufacture at prices to suit the times.

Parlor Brackets,	Card Receivers,	Slipper Pouches,	Corner Cabinets,
Picture Easels,	Clock Cases,	Wall Pockets,	Match Boxes,
Watch Cases,	Book Shelves,	Cigar Stands,	Toilet Cases,
Book Slides,	Music Stands,	Towel Racks.	Book Covers,
Lamp Screens,	Work Boxes,	Work Baskets,	Lamp Mats,
Grass Holders,	Glove Boxes,	Dish Mats,	Crosses & Shrines
Handkerchief Boxes,	Bird Cages,	Ornamental Vases,	Knife Trays,

Fork Trays, Hanging Flower Baskets, Stereoscopic View Holders, etc., etc., will be made to order of Light or Dark Woods, in any style of finish.

The best **American** and **Imported Designs** can be seen of full size, or in miniature; or will be procured from the publisher if desired.

ORDERS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

Please call at our dwelling on Church St., Salem, N. C. **A. L. OERTER.**

CHILDREN'S SHOES!

We have the largest and fullest stock of

CHILDREN'S SHOES

ever put into our house. Also complete lines of Ladies' and Gentlemen's FINE SEWED WORK.

HATS! HATS!

We invite attention to our superb assortment of Gentlemen's, Boys' and Youths' HATS. We have never offered so varied a stock and such beautiful goods before. Prices below any similar goods ever sold in this market.

PATTERSON & CO.

Salem, N. C., Nov. 26, 1878.

THE BEST STOCK OF

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

AT MRS. DOUTHIT'S.

A LARGE LOT OF LADIES' AND MISSES'

FALL AND WINTER SUITS.

A FINE LOT OF LADIES' CLOAKS.

Having opened a new and splendid assortment of Goods in my line, I offer them at such prices as will bring them within the means of all to purchase the LATEST STYLES of NEW FALL AND WINTER

Hats and Bonnets, Sashes, Ribbons, French and American Flowers, Laces and Edgings, Ruffs and Ruffing.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

LADIES' TIES, LINEN AND LACE COLLARS,

KID & BERLIN GLOVES, BRAIDS & SWITCHES HOSIERY & CORSETS,

NOTIONS,

COLGATE'S FINE TOILET SOAPS, and many other articles in my line. Also

Silver Spray Colonge and Lundborg's Perfumes always on hand.

A lot of best twilled SILK PARASOLS and SUN PROTECTORS, SHETLAND WOOL FRINGE, &c., &c.

Mrs. Douthit returns thanks for the very liberal encouragmeent received, and hopes to be able to please her friends and the public, in future.

Salem, N. C., Sept. 26, 1878.

ROBERT D. JOHNSTON,

Fashionable Merchant Tailor,

Winston, N. C.,

Keeps constantly on hand a fine line of Foreign and Domestic Cloths Cassimeres and Suitings.

TWENTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE AS A CUTTER

in New York City, and in this State, enables him to guarantee satisfaction in all goods made to order.

☞ **PRICES MODERATE.** ☜

NOTION & VARIETY STORE,

SALEM, N. C.

REMOVED TO THE BELO BUILDING.

LADIES:

Anticipating a fine trade this season, we have bought largely, and now have the pleasure of inviting your attention to

AN ATTRACTIVE AUTUMN AND WINTER STOCK

at prices surprisingly cheap.

A beautiful line of Galloon and Hercules Braids, Ball and other Worsted Fringes, so much in demand for Cloak and Dress Trimmings.

Newest styles in Buttons, Gloves, Hosiery, Ribbons, Laces, Neckwear, &c.

A full line of Zephyrs, Germantown and Shetland Wools always on hand.

Have just added to our Stock a nice line of Perfumeries, Hair Oils, &c.

We call particular attention to our beautiful line of Glass and Lava Ware, suitable for Christmas and Birthday presents *just received*, consisting of Toilet Setts, Vases, Card Stands

☞ Those at a distance will be amply repaid by a visit to our Store.

In the selection of Goods the interest of the customer is kept constantly in view, knowing that taking care of those who buy of us is equivalent to taking care of ourselves, that is, winning our customers' confidence and their continued patronage.

Respectfully,
tf. ***J. BLICKENDERFER.***

JOHN G. WILLIAMS, President, W. H. CROW, Vice-President,
W. S. PRIMROSE, Secretary and Treasurer,
I. DEVEREAUX Supervisor.

NORTH CAROLINA
HOME INSURANCE COMPANY,

RALEIGH, N. C.

INSURES ALL **CLASSES OF**

Insurable Property,

Against Loss or Damage by Fire,

On the Most Reasonable Terms.

☞ **Losses Promptly Adjusted and Paid.** ☜

☞ **Encourage Home Institutions.** ☜

J. W. BEARD, Agent, at Kernersville, N. C.

J. A. LINEBACK, Agent, at Salem, N. C.

A. N. ZEVELY,

[Late Assistant Post-Master General.]

ATTENDS TO BUSINESS

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Departments of Government

OFFICE 71, E. STREET,

OPPOSITE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT.

☞ Post-Offic Address, LOCK BOX 97 Washington City, D. C.

JOB PRINTING, OF ***every description done at this Office, in First Class Style and at reasonable rates.***

SHOES! SHOES!!

WE have in stock a full line of

LADIES' FINE SHOES,

from the celebrated manufacturers, Messrs. T. MILES & SON and ZEIGLER BROS., of Philadelphia.

PRICES much reduced and quality of goods unsurpassed.

PATTERSON & CO.

Salem, N. C., August 26, 1878.

The Remedy of the 19th Century.
Barham's Infallible PILE CURE.
Manufactured by the Barham Pile Cure Co., Durham, N. C.
It never fails to cure Hemorrhoids or Piles, when a cure is possible. Price List and testimonials furnished on application.

Agriculture.

Egg Eating,

I wish to give your readers a little of my experience regarding egg eating. I once had a very fine lot of B. B. R. Games, and thought a good deal of them, but after all the care I gave them they were mean enough to eat their eggs as soon as laid. Day after day I went to my coop for eggs, but in vain; I did not get so much as a sight of one. I tried almost everything I could think of, but still in vain. At last I thought I would play a trick on them, so I got an egg and broke the butt open large enough to let out the inside. Then I mixed up some good strong mustard and filled it full, putting a piece of shell over the part broken. I went to my coop and put the egg in the nest. I had no sooner dropped the egg than one of my hens bounced on it like a cat on a mouse. She stuck her bill in it and dropped the egg on the floor (not waiting for me to retire). No sooner did it touch the floor than the rest of the fowls went for their share; they got it, all of them. They soon walked off, wiping their beaks against everything they came across. They left a little for manners' sake. It resulted (the joke), in my gathering my eggs the next day, and I have not had any occasion to repeat the experiment until last week, when I tried it with the same result, and since then I gather eggs every day.—*Poultry Yard.*

Salt Saving.

The New York *Tribune* makes the following pertinent remarks:

"Salt is healthy and necessary for animals when running to grass, but in winter we do not give them salt. They will eat it, it is true, but then it creates thirst and then they are apt to drink too much cold water, and bring on chills and fever, and perhaps inflammation of stomach and bowels. In Summer salt acts as a corrective to the laxity and flatulence which the succulent grasses may produce. A tight box under the cow shed, in whic the salt may be put, is the most economical way to feed it. A saving may be made by pouring all the old beef and ham brine into this box; the cows will take a lick or two every day, and this is better than giving them a heap on the ground twice a week as the common practice is; which is waste of salt, and besides makes a bare spot. Farmers study little economies the least of any class of business men. No merchant would think of throwing away a half barrel of brine and then turn right around and pay his money for a lot of salt to use in its place. He would use the brine and congratulate himself as Dr. Franklin did, that "a penny saved is as good as a penny earned."

Take Care of Your Fowls,

It is opportune just now, for those who take an interest in poultry, in connection with the farm, to look the matter over and see if the results of the season thus far are satisfactory, provided the fowls have had such neccessary care as to give them a fair chance to yield a profit to the owner. And here let us say that, no matter what business a man may follow, success is expected, he must be familiar with its requirements and give it necessary attention. Raising poultry is no exception to this rule.

It is hardly to be doubted that most farmers and farmers wives who keep poultry, neglect their fowls, and hence lose a handsome net profit on them, for none of the improved breeds or judicious crosses will fail to pay if properly cared for. We doubt if there is anything in the farm that pays better, considering the outlay, than a few hens well selected and well kept. But generally the small stock is overlooked in caring for the larger kinds—the four footed animals. But it should be borne in mind, that it is the small things that pay the best, when judgment and skill are employed in their management.—*Kanses Farmer.*

Bad Flavored Eggs.

Speaking of ill-flavor of eggs, the *Journal of Horticulture*, London, remarks that it is the result of one or two causes—either the food on which the fowls are fed or the substance on which the eggs are laid, and adds: This may be easily tested by shutting up a laying hen and giving her garlic or malted barley to eat. In a few days the eggs will taste of the food. We have tried this ourselves, and know it to be correct. Another theory is—but we cannot speak of it with the same certainty—that an egg laid on any strong smelling substance will contract it. This is explained by the fact that the shell, when the egg is first laid, is comparatively soft and impressionable, and only hard after contact with the atmosphere. Let your birds be wholesomely fed on plain food and your nests be made with clean straw. Hay nests have a tendency to make eggs taste. Follow nature and you will have nothing to complain of.

Big Head.

The malady known as big head in horses is a constitutional disease of scrofulous nature, the origin and cause of which are questionable, though the disease is generally supposed to be hereditary. It developes gradually and slowly, in the form of fibro-plastic degeneration of the bony structure, not only confining itself to the head, but it may appear in all parts of the skeleton. It consists of a gradual softening and enlargement of the bony structure, which becomes spongy and porous from want of proper nutrition, and ultimately ends in complete decomposition, necrosis and ulceration of the affected parts. If the disease is discovered in its early development keep the animal on liberal, wholesome and very nutritious food, mixed with plenty of cabbage and carrots, and, during the summer season, nothing would be better than to give the horse liberty on a rich pasture. Special treatment of big head is of no avail.

Scrofula in Cows.

In the advanced state of this disease, treatment of any kind will be entirely useless. The disease, like consumption in man, is invariably fatal. But its most serious feature is the considerable period that often elapses before the result is reached, and during which the animal becomes less valuable. Milk from such a cow is apt to produc phthisis or consumption in man; and i would be suicidal to consume it, know ing it to come from such an animal.

It is said by a farmer who has tried the experiment so often as to be sure of his ground that buttermilk poured over the back of a scurvy pig will entirely and speedily remove the scurf. The remedy is simple. Almost every farmer can boast of one or more scurvy pigs, and if the buttermilk will cure it, it should not be spared.

A commission in a town of Scotland being appointed by the authorities to inspect the milk that was dispensed among the inhabitants, reported that they were "unable to decide as to whether the milk was diluted with watei, or the water with milk," it was so near 'alf-and-'alf.

Young pigs should be fed little at a time and often—this is the secret of rapid growth. If allowed all they will eat, they will gorge themselves and bring on colic or become pot-bellied and stunted, when if the feed was divided into two or three feedings, they would digest it all without derangement of the stomach and grow well.

Domestic.

Scalding Milk for Butter.

As great as is the improvement in cream-raising by the use of deep vessels set in ice-water, for large dairies, quite as great, in my judgment, is that of scalding the fresh milk before setting it in small pans, for dairies where only a moderate number of cows are kept.

METHOD OF SCALDING MILK.

Though it has long been known that scalding milk hastens the rising of the cream, while prolonging the period of sweetness in warm weather, it is only lately that this method has been reduced to a system, and to a considerable extent popularized, through the efforts of Mr. Ellsworth, of Massachusetts. By experiment he has ascertained the precise temperature—136 degrees—for securing the best and most uniform results. I have, myself, tested his practice, and found it excellent. The milk is strained into a brass or copper kettle, large enough to hold a single milking, and the temperature slowly and carefully raised to the proper degree. It is maintained there for about half an hour and then poured into pans and set upon the racks of the milk room, which should always be well aired, so as to remove the vapor arising from the milk, and prevent its being deposited on the walls and wood-work. The cream rises with astonishing rapidity, and is of a firm consistency, which admits of its removal in from 12 to 24 hours, leaving the residue quite sweet.

It is desirable *not* to have a skin form upon the milk. This "skin" is made of the coagulated albumen of the milk, and when the milk is scalded in the pans, in the way sometimes practiced, it is entangled in the cream, removed with it to the churn, and remains in the butter. When the butter is sold for immediate use the evil thus caused is not noticed, but it seriously impairs the keeping, when the butter is put down for future use or sale. I think it is best to strain out of, as well as into, the scalding kettle, to insure the removal of all coagulated matter.

This method of scalding secures perfect butter, not only during the hot months of summer, but also during the cold weather of winter, when quite as much difficulty is experienced in making good butter in the old way, as in the summer. It prevents alike the hasty souring, before the cream is up, in summer, and the bitterness so often developed by the long setting of winter. By its effect of hastening the rising of the cream, all the inevitable evils and losses of delay are avoided, and a uniform make secured at all seasons.

I have been interested in studying into the philosophy of both this and the cold method of setting milk for cream, and I think I have reached its rational explanation. It is well known that large globuled milk throws up its cream quicker and more perfectly than that which holds its fat more finely divided. Now, the effect of scalding is simply to enlarge the globules by coalescence, or running together. At the temperature of the milk when drawn from the cow—about 98 degrees—the butter-globules are not perfectly fluid, but when it is heated to 135 degrees, the globules which come in contact will unite, forming larger globules. These enlarged globules not only rise quickly, but by their superior attractive power draw up, so to speak, the smaller globules, and thus hasten the rising of all the cream.

I will mention, in this connection, another matter which perhaps I ought to have treated in my article on "Dairying Fallacies;" It was for awhile asserted that, when the cream of large-globuled milk is churned with the cream of small-globuled milk, the former will "come" first, and that a second churning of the residue will give a second mess of butter. But careful experiment entirely disproves the assertion, and the reason is plain when we understand the attractive power of the large over the smaller globules. I recently, in a course of experiments upon this point, carried it a little further, as follows: After churning a quantity of cream, sufficient to about half-fill the churn, until the united globules began to be visible to the naked eye—i. e., until the butter had begun to "come," I poured in several quarts more of cream, and in five minutes more, when the butter was "gathered," I had all the butter from both messes of cream. The attractive power of the pin-head masses of butter had, in that brief time, gathered in all the globules of the added cream. To insure the success of such an experiment, the temperature of the cream in the churn and of the added cream must be just right—from 60° to 65°—and the final churning rather slow than rapid.—*T. H. Hoskins, M. D.*

CARE OF BROOMS—A friend of my early days used frequently to say, "Show me a housekeeper's broom, and I'll tell you what she is." I am reminded of the force of the saying, when I see the too common misuse of that very necessary article. There are huosekeepers who never have any particular place for their brooms, but leave them where they were used last, while others use the same brooms for parlor and kitcken, and when worn out they are thrown into the cellar or back yard to remain indefinitely. Some are in the habit of resting heavily on the broom while stooping to pick up pins, thread, etc, which one finds while sweeping. The result of this is, that the splinters are bent upward and broken and the broom soon becomes worthless. When a new broom is purchased, provide a way for hanging it up in this wise: With a small gimblet bore a hole through the handle about an inch from the top; draw in a piece of strong, waxed twine, long enough when tied in a hard knot, to form a loop three or four inches long. If brooms be dipped in clean, hot suds once every week and drid quickly, they will last twice as long. When too much worn for the house, they will answer for a time at the barn. When too old to sweep with at all, take off the wire for future use; cut the handle into kindling material; pull apart the straws, and add gradually to the fire, and you are rid of a useless article for "good and all."

HOME, THE NUCLEUS OF SOCIETY.—More than 1,800 years ago, Plutarch said, "The art of governing cities and commonwealths is the chief excellence of man: and the art of governing a family is no small ingredient in that excellence; for a city, which is only a collection of families, can not be prosperous in the whole, unless the families that compose it be flourishing and prosperous."

The parts of societies and nations are equal to the whole. If the individuals and families of which a nation is composed, sin or suffer, the nation can not be in a flourishing and moral condition. So the work of reform must begin at the hearth-stone. There, the love of liberty must be impressed upon the child; and he must be taught a ready obedience to household laws, and a just recognition of the rights of others, with such morality as will secure to him his freedom, while engaged in the pursuits of life, liberty and happiness. If financial misleglslation has beggared one quarter of the people, a lack of family government and moral restraint has made outlaws of another quarter. The nucleus of society being disordered, its radiations reach out and touch the borders of the land, infecting the body-politic. So between enforced poverty and family neglect, the nation is corrupted, demoralized and dangerous.

THE VIRTUES OF OATMEAL.—In Great Britain children of all ranks are raised on oatmeal diet alone, because it causes them to grow strong and beautiful, and no better food can possibly be found for them. It is also quite as desirable for the student as for the laborer, and for the delicate lady and her hard-working sister; indeed, all classes would be greatly benefitted by its use, and dyspepsia, with all its manifold annoyances, can be kept at a distance. Oatmeal is more substantial food, it is said, than veal, pork or lamb, giving as much or more mental vigor, while its great desideratum consists in one's not becoming weary of it, for it is as welcome for breakfast or tea as in wheat or grain bread. It can be eaten with syrup and butter as hasty pudding, or cream and sugar, like rice. It is especially good for young mothers, upon whose nervous forces too great a demand has been made, and they lose the equilibrium of the system and become depressed and dispirited. Oatmeal requires to be cooked slowly, and the water should be boiling hot when it is stirred in.

SLEEP AS A TONIC.—The best possible thing for a man to do when he feels too weak to carry any thing through is to go to bed and sleep as long as he can. This is the only actual recuperation of brain force; because during sleep the brain is in a state of rest, in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood, which takes the place of those which have been consumed by previous labor, since the very act of thinking burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace. The supply of consumed brain-substance can only be had from the nutritive particles in the blood which were obtained from the food eaten previously, and the brain is so constituted that it can best receive and appropriate to itself those nutritive particles during the state of rest, of quiet, and stillness of sleep. Mere stimulants supply nothing in themselves; they goad the brain and force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until it is so exhausted that there is not power enough left to take up a fresh supply.

Scientific.

A Nail Gun.—Respecting an implement on view at the Wellington Industrial Exhibition, the *New Zealand Times* says: "One of the most simple and at the same time most ingenious implements on view at the Exhibition is an invention of a young man in this city, a Mr. F. Falkner. It is called a 'nail-gun,' and is used for nailing down flooring boards. We have seen the implement in use, and as far as we are able to judge it is quicker in its work and insures greater cleanliness than hand nailing could do. The apparatus is not unlike a gun in shape, and is about the same length. It is kept in position with the foot and knee, and the nail to be placed (point down) in an aperature at the top of the concern. It slides down to the bottom and then the operator draws up a rod, and by one downward stroke of this the nail is cleanly driven into the boards beneath. A practiced hand by this simple contrivance, could do the work of half a dozen men. We believe that Mr. Falkner is now improving upon his invention, and is making a 'nail-gun,' which will be self-feeding. We have no doubt, that when the implement comes to be generally known it will be brought into general use."

Edmund's Phonoscope.—Mr W. Ladd read a paper with this title at the Dublin meeting of the British Association, of which the following is an abstract: "This little instrument, the phonoscope, is for producing figures of light from vibrations of sound. It consists essentially of three parts, an induction coil, an interrupter, and a rotary vacuum tube. The action of the instrument is as follows: Sounds from the voice or other sources produce vibrations on the diaphragm of the interrupter, which, being in the primary circuit of the induction coil, induce at each interruption a current in the secondary coil similar to the action of a contact-breaker or rheotoine; therefore, each vibration is made visible as a flash in the vacuum tube. This tube revolving all the time at a constant speed, the flashes produce a symmetrical figure like the spokes of a wheel, as in the Gassiot Star The number of spokes or radii is according to the number of vibrations in the interrupter during a revolution of the tube, and the number of vibrations being varied to any extent, according to the sounds produced, the figures in the revolving tube will be varied accordingly. The same sounds always produce the same figures, providing the revolution be constant. In case of rythmical interruption being produced in a given sound, as in a trill, most beautiful effects are noticeable, owing to the omission of certain radii in regular positions in the figure. The uses of this instrument are the rendering visible of sounds, and showing the vibrations required in their production, and it forms a mode of confirming, by sight an appeal to the ear."

The Buzzing Insects—Some Interesting Investigations into its Causes—Two Distinct Sounds.—The old naturalists thought, generally, that the buzzing of insects was produced by the vibrations of the wing, but they had scarcely attempted to analyze this phenomenon, and their opinion was abandoned, when Reamur showed that when the wings are cut a blow-fly continues to buzz. Other explanations of the phenomenon have been advanced by various naturalists, but none of them are satisfactory. M. Jousset de Bellesme has been making some investigations on the subject, and, after proving that previous theories are unsatisfactory, he describes the result of his own researches. To avoid confusion it should be distinctly understood what is meant by buzzing. In the scientific acceptation it means to imitate the sound of the bumble-bee, which is the type of buzzing insects. But the bumble-bee gives out two very different sounds, which are an octave of each other—a grave sound when it flies and a sharp sound when it alights.

We say, then, that buzzing is the faculty of insects to produce two sounds at an octave. This definition limits the phenomenon to the hymenoptera and the diptera. The coleoptera often produce in flying a grave and dull sound, but they are powerless to emit the sharp sound, and consequently do not buzz. There are two or three ascertained facts which will serve as guides to the interpretation of the phenomenon. First, it is indisputable that the grave sound always accompanies the great vibrations of the wings which serve for the translation of the insect. It is easily seen that this sound commences as soon as the wings begin to move, and that if the wings be cut off it disappears entirely. The sharp sound is never, on the contrary, produced during flight; it is only observed apart from the great vibrations of the wings when the insect alights, or when it is held so as to hinder its movement, and in that case the wing is seen to be animated by a rapid trembling. It is also produced when the wings are entirely taken away.

From these two remarks we may draw the conclusion that the grave sound belongs properly to the wings, that it is caused by their movements of great amplitude. There is here no difficulty. As to the sharp sound, it is certainly not produced by the wings, since it survives the absence of these. Yet the wings participate in it and undergo a particular trembling during the production of this sound. To discover the cause it is necessary to go back to the mechanism of the movement of the wing. It is known that among nearly all insects the muscles that serve for flight are not inserted in the wing itself, but in the parts of the thorax which support it, and that it is the movement of these which acts on the wing and makes it vibrate. The form of the thorax changes with each movement of the wing under the influence of the contraction of the thoracic muscles. The muscular masses intended for flight being very powerful, this vibratory movement of the thorax is very intense, as may be proved by holding one of these insects between the fingers. But as the vibrations are produced two or three hundred times per second, they give rise to a musical sound, which is the sharp note.

In fact, the air which surrounds the thorax is set in vibration by that directly, and without the wing taking part in it. Then there are two simultaneous sounds, one produced by the vibration of the wings, and the other by the thoracic vibration, the latter twice as rapid as the former, and therefore an octave. This is why in flight only a single grave sound is heard. When the thorax moves alone a sharp sound is produced. This, M. de Bellesme believes is the only explanation that can be given of the mode of production of the two sounds which constitute buzzing.—*London Times.*

Humorous.

—A tomcat's first song is generally received with great *he claw.*

—Parlor matches don't go off any better, though they make more fuss, than those made over the front gate.

—When a woman makes an effort to whistle, the great glory of her mouth is seen without being heard very much.

—An old bachelor said he once fell in love with a young lady, but abandoned all idea of marrying her when he found that she and all her family were opposed to it.

—Don't be old fashioned enough to speak of a verbose man as 'a gas-house.' Refer to him in more contemptuous and progressive style as 'an electric-light' generator.

—Enamored swain (to his stage-struck idol)—"Kate, if—"

"Caitiff! thyself! Now, by my halidom! how darest thou call me, whom thou professeth to love, a caitiff? What ho! without there! my geeyard!"

—The most beautiful object exhibited at Paris by the United States are two bales of Louisiana cotton—as clear, as white and as pure as snowdrifts done up in sky-blue silk. This is pretty and patriotic. But who in the great American nation ever saw snowdrifts done up in sky-blue silk?

—"What a piece ot work is Man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In form and moving, how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a god!" And yet, somehow or other, he never looks that when he is backed up to a peanut-stand, taking in a tail-pocket cargo of peanuts.—*Hawkeye.*

"Dovey," he said, "I think I was telling you after I came home last night about the necessity of some retrenchment in our expenditures—was I not?"

"Well, really I've forgotten, John," she answered nonchalantly, "turn to the phonograph and see."

He turned it on, and all it said was: "Whazzer mazzer—(hic)—mazzer? Whazzer mazzer?—*Andrew's Bazar.*

—If signs don't fail, the coming winter will be the coldest experienced in this latitude since the country was discovered by a man named Mr. Columbus. The squirrels are laying in their winter coal, the beavers are putting heaters in the basement of their lodges, the bees have killed off all the drones and lined their hives with sheet iron, the muskrats are flying South, wild ducks are committing suicide, the goosebone is black sixteen inches deep, Western editors are soliciting wood in exchange for subscriptions, poor families are buying an extra dog, and we have had a new collar put on our overcoat.—*Norristown Herald.*

REGISTER'S LINIMENT is unequalled for man or animals.—See advertisement in another column.

HAND LABOR AND MACHINERY.

It is a somewhat popular idea amongst what may, perhaps, well be called the "dissatisfied class" of laborers, as well as amongst some people supposed to be intelligent, that much of the present trouble is caused by the extensive use of machinery. Recently there have been riotous demonstrations against agricultural machinery, especially against harvesters and self-binders. The idea is, that for every machine an equivalent number of laborers are displaced, and reduced to enforced idleness. It is a very plausible idea, but to show its utter untruth is far from difficult. The facts which exist everywhere prove its falsity. Without entering into any argument or discussion, we may just now refer to a few pertinent facts which are so plain, apparent, and widely known, that nobody can deny them.

It is well known that there is more machinery used in every department of labor or industry in the United States than in any other country. People even go up stairs by machinery (elevators); barbers brush their customers' hair by machinery; there are type-writers to save labor in copying, as well as all sorts of labor-saving machinery; and from these light labors up to the heavy works of hoisting ships' sails and anchors, puddling iron, drilling rocks, and mining, human labor is displaced by machines. For human labor, everywhere it is possible, we use horse-labor; and horses, in their turn, are pushed aside by steam. Indeed, steam itself is probably on the eve of displacement by some cheaper and more effective power, and, if ever this happens, we may be sure it will begin in this country. At the same time there is no other country in the world where wages and, in fact, the rewards for all sorts of labor, are higher than here; nor is there any place in the world where there exists more comfort and ease in the circumstances of the people.

Now, let us look at the reverse of this. In China, everything is done by manual labor. Horse labor even is unknown. Men carry the chests of tea from the interior to the sea-board, over mountains and valleys, for hundreds of miles, frequently occupying three months in a journey, the chests being balanced in pairs upon the ends of long poles, which are supported upon men's shoulders, in the way so commonly figured in Chinese drawings and upon the old-fashioned "delf" ware. Passengers are carried in carriages slung upon poles, in a similar fashion. Men pull the boats upon the rivers or pole them along slowly and laboriously. In short, machinery of any kind is unknown, and its use forbidden, lest it might displace manual labor. In fact, an experimental railroad was recently torn up and destroyed as soon as it was built, for this reason. There a man employs a hundred days in a work which we would finish in a few hours in a lathe. There a man supports himself and family for a month in comfort for two dollars, and labor is worth from three to seven cents a day.

Let us take an intermediate example. In England most of the agricultural labor is done by hand. The traveler will see men, women and children at work in the fields weeding, hoeing, planting, sowing, reaping, mowing, raking hay, and doing all those things which we do here by machinery, by hand labor for a wage of two and a half to three dollars a week for men; a dollar a week for women, and twenty-five cents for boys and girls. A few years ago a mowing-machine could not be seen in England, and even now reapers are rarely seen; in fact, many farmers dare not use them lest their barns and stacks might be burned by enraged and jealous laborers. Men laborers were thought well paid at less than two dollars a week, and it is only since machines have come into use that farm wages and the value of horses have risen to nearly double former rates. Do not these facts proclaim a truth so plain that any man can understand it who is not blinded by ignorance or prejudice?

Facts are stubborn things; and these are too stubborn to be twisted or turned in any way from the purport which they should carry to a mind gifted with the most ordinary measure of intelligence. It may seem to be strange that this should be thus, but it seems equally strange to one ignorant of the facts, that the sun is stationary and does not rotate around us; and yet we all believe it, because of the evidences of it which appeal to reason and contradict our very sight.—*Rural New Yorker.*

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

1. That fish may be scaled much easier by dipping into boiling water about a minute.

2. That fish may as well be scaled, if desired, before packing down in salt; though, in that case, do not scald them.

3. Salt fish are quickest and best freshened by soaking in sour milk.

4. That milk which is turned or changed may be sweetened and rendered fit for use again, by stirring in a little soda.

5. That salt will curdle new milk, hence, in preparing milk-porridge, gravies, etc., the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.

6. That fresh meat, after beginning to sour, will sweeten if placed out of doors in the cool over night.

7. That clear boiling water will remove tea stains and many fruit stains. Pour the water through the stain, and thus prevent its spreading over the fabric.

8. That ripe tomatoes will remove ink and other stains from white cloth; also, from the hands.

9. That a teaspoonful of turpentine boiled with your white clothes will aid in the whitening process.

10. That boiled starch is much improved by the addition of a little sperm, or a little salt, or both, or a little gum arabic dissolved.

11. That beeswax and salt will make your rusty flat-irons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag and keep it for that purpose. When the irons are hot, rub them first with the wax rag, then scour with a paper or cloth sprinkled with suet.

12. That blue ointment and kerosene, mixed in equal proportions and applied to bedsteads, is an unfailing bedbug remedy; and that a coat of whitewash is ditto for the walls of a log house.

13. That kerosene will soften boots or shoes which have been hardened by water, and render them as pliabie as new.

14. That kerosene will make tin teakettles as bright as new. Saturate a woolen rag and rub with it. It will also remove stains from clean varnished furniture.

15. That cool rain-water and soda will remove machine grease from washable fabrics.

NINE RULES FOR POULTRY NOVICES.

I. Wait until the moon goes down before purchasing your chickens. Pullets are always cheaper in the dusky hours that precede the dawn.

II. If you buy fancy eggs for hatching, do not buy any that were picked last fall. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," but an egg stays right by the date of its birth, and is twenty-four hours older and poorer at each succeeding sunset.

III. Always consult the hen's convenience in the matter of setting. Do not insist on her breaking any other engagements, or putting off baking or ironing day, for the purpose of taking charge of thirteen eggs, of unknown sex or quality. Better, far better, that you should give up society and set on those eggs yourself, rather than entrust them to a reluctant and dissembling hen. You might break the eggs, but the fickle hen would break for the verbena bed, the first thing in the morning.

IV. Build your nests wide enough for a cow to turn around in If the nest has an all-out-door, illimitable-waste kind of a look to it, where one hen will feel so lonesome and lost that she will wail and squawk with terror every time she looks around and feels the burden of her loneliness upon her, all the wealth of the Indes couldn't induce another hen to go in and keep her company or gossip with her until bed time. But if you make a nest just big enough for one lean hen to squeeze into without breathing, the nine biggest hens in your flock will fight for that nest, and all crowd in at the same time, flatten out all the eggs, and then with gloomy but patient countenances, and their several heads turned in nine different directions, they will sit on the cold ashes of shattered ambition and wrecked dreams for the next four months.

V. Sprinkle sulphur in the nests before the hen is allowed to enter upon the performance of her incubation contract. The smell of the sulphur will prevent the hen from imbibing the pernicious doctrines of Ingersoll, and will keep her from assuming too much, under the impression that a hen that can produce a diurnal egg, and from that evolve a living, breathing, scratching chicken, could, if she would give her mind to it, create a universe and people its planets with races of lying, thieving, swearing men.

VI. Boost the hen off the nest once a day for exercise. Too much sentiment and reflection, an excess of self communion, is apt to make the hen moody and low spirited. Point her to the dreadful effects of too long continued and unbroken exertion of the brain.

VII. About the time the young chicks are coming out, borrow a shot gun, and tell your neighbor some scoundrel is shooting cats, and last night he killed a cat that belonged to your wife that you wouldn't have taken fifty dollars for. This will pave the way for future developments. A successful hennery is fatal to cats. A brood of thrifty, contented young chicks is an infallible evidence that you can't shut your eyes and stick a spade in the ground anywhere in that precinct without disturbing the eternal rest of some cat that has taken parlors on the ground floor of the windowless palace of rest.

VIII. If you have no grass plots or kitchen garden or pansy beds for your chickens to range in, cut a hole low down in the fence so as to let your chicks in on your neighbor. It will be perfectly safe since the loss of his cat. If he says anything about chickens, tell him you told Forsman (the other neighbor) that if he wanted to raise chickens he must do as you do, and keep them shut up. Do not give your chicks unbridled liberty, for sometimes a brood of healthy chicks go out in the morning when the dew on the onion tops glitters in the sunshine, and like the baseless fabric of a vision they pass away, and like the stuff that dreams are made of leave not a track behind, and all the tears your burning eyes can shed over the legs and claws and heads you find in the alley will not call them back.

IX. In raising fowls for the market, remember there is the greatest danger of sending them out in an immature state. Chickens are not healthful food; nor do they contain any of the perfect elements of nutrition, until they are fully and completely developed physically. Keep them about you then, while panting time toils after them in vain. Life is at best but a walking shadow and your chicks should have at least eleven years of home care and training before they rest their heads for one brief second on the chopping block, and go to grace the table of the happy boarding house. For any further and more specific information on this subject send three cent stamp and your address.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

AN AUTUMN PICTURE.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

Sky deep, intense, and wondrous blue,
With clouds that sail the heavens through;
And mountain slopes so Broad and fair,
With here and there, amongst the green,
A maple or an ash-tree seen
In glowing color, bright and rare.

Green fields, where silvery ripples fade,
With cattle resting in the shade;
Far mountains, touched with purple haze,
That, like a veil of morning mist,
By gleams of golden sunlight kissed,
Seems but a breath of by-gone days.

And clover which has bloomed anew
Since shining scythes did cut it through,
And corn-fields with their harvest fair,
And golden-rod upon the hill,
And purple asters blooming still,
And sunlight melted into air.

—*Scribner for November.*

—"Manda, is you got dem chickens shut up in de smokehouse like I told yer?"

"No, an' I like to know what's de matter wid you, dat's you's so mighty tickler 'bout dem chickens all at once?" she replied.

"Nebber you mind. I know what's de matter, an' dat's nuff till dem chickens is housed. When I hears dat dem niggers ober dar in the next yard's gwine to hab a party to-morrow night, I wants to be shore dat my chickens doesn't 'tend it. You hear me?" The chickens were at once locked up.

Begin with your friend as you mean to go on, and let him know very early that you are not a man made of putty, but one who has a judgment of his own, and means to use it.

—"Don't give it a whey" is a parallel expression to "cheese it."—*Reynold's Herald.*

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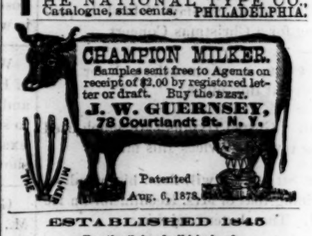
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